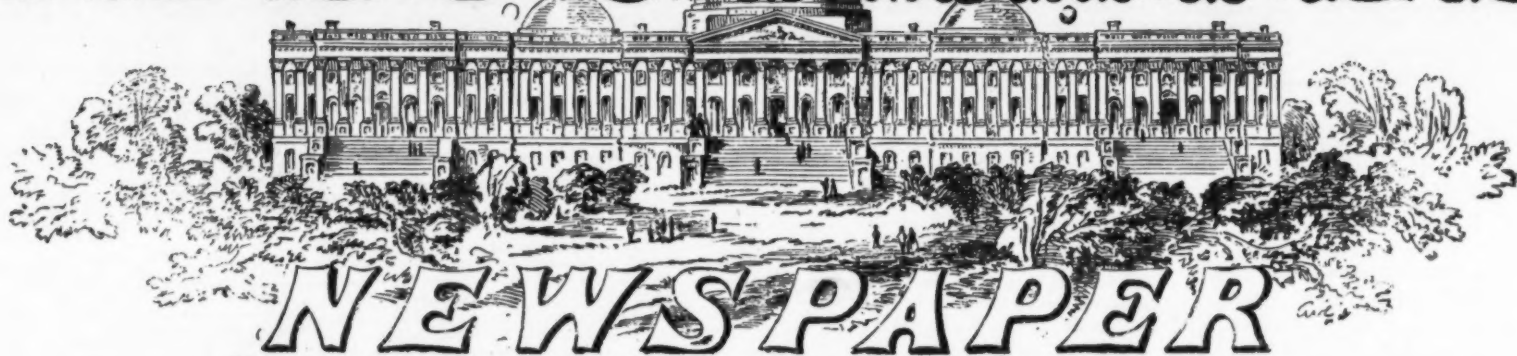


FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



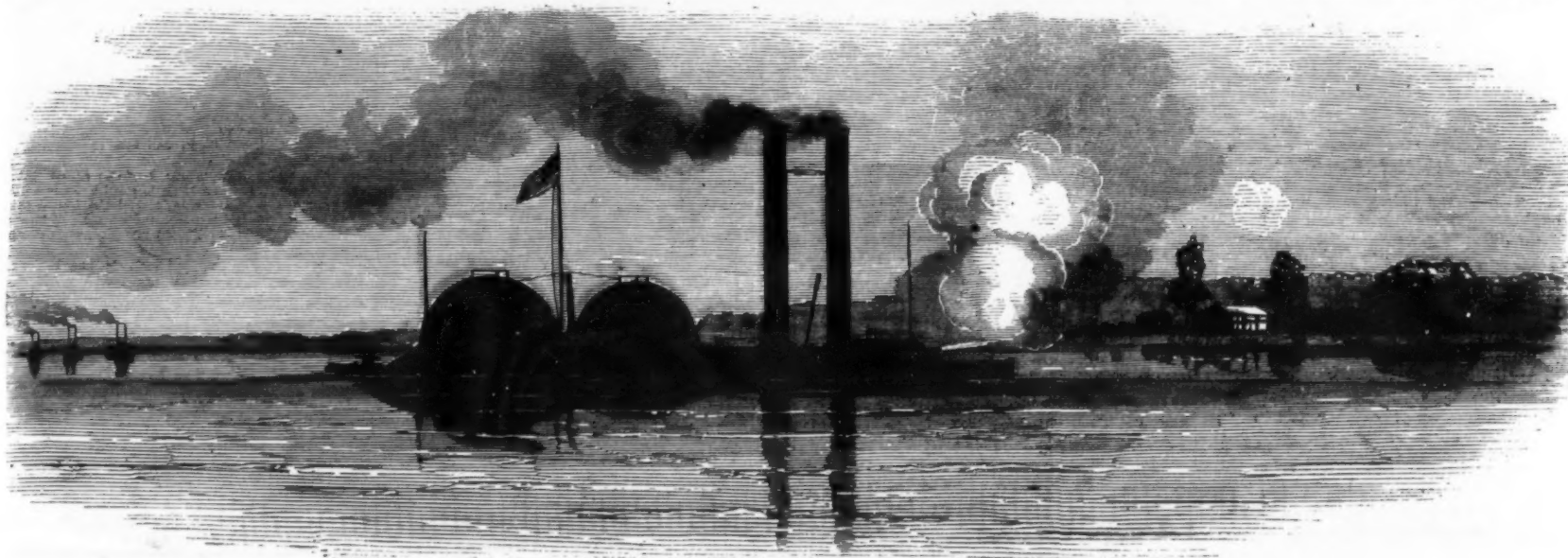
NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1863.

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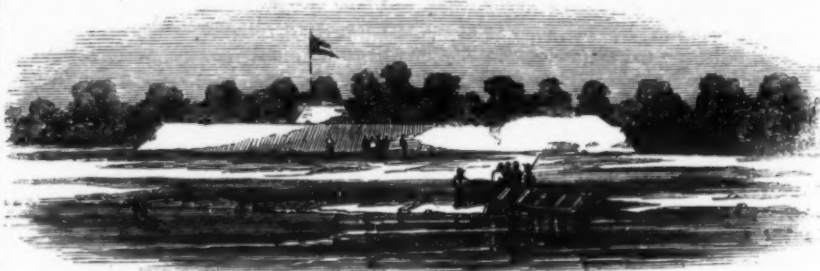


THE GUNBOAT CHOCTAW HOLDING THE REBELS AT BAY AT MILLIKEN'S BEND, JUNE 7—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.

THE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA.

PENNSYLVANIA, from the non-combatant character of its early settlers, has always been behind her sister States in point of military preparation. Her early annals were not disturbed by Indian wars, and from her interior position she was not exposed to attack from French or Spanish colonies. When at last the French penetrated to the Ohio and planted themselves at Fort Duquesne, it was deemed a matter for Virginia to care for, and the greatest difficulty was found in inducing the Pennsylvania authorities to make any preparations whatever. As we all know, the service near that fort, now Pittsburg, was done by British regulars and Virginia militia, and history records no exploits of the Pennsylvanians.

During the Revolution the fighting of the State was done chiefly by the Irish and Scotch settlers.



FORT LEAVENWORTH, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND, S. C. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE

The invasion of the State last year should have taught her a lesson, but Pennsylvania is as unprepared to-day to meet rebel invasion as she was in 1861. She has no organized militia, no drilled men, no military spirit, and many rebel sympathisers.

When, therefore, the rebel cavalry force under Jenkins crossed the Potomac, a movement happily portrayed by our Artist, and hurried across Maryland within the borders of the Keystone State, all was confusion and alarm. As they advanced it was impossible to tell what point would be assailed. Pittsburg with its machine shops and foundries; Harrisburg, the capital, with the State archives; Philadelphia with all its wealth, might any or all be reached. The President called upon Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland and Western Virginia to furnish troops; but Western Virginia needs all her own sons and more to make a recently inaugurated State



THE INVASION OF PENNSYLVANIA—WORKING ON THE FORTIFICATIONS, NEAR HARRISBURG, PA., JUNE 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. LAW.

Government a reality. Maryland, too, although the rebels show a leniency and flattery now, is not to be beguiled, and prepares along her extensive border. New Jersey, of all the Northern States the least attached to the Union, moved so reluctantly that one regiment after reaching Harrisburg returned because rebel sympathisers derided them. A crack Philadelphia regiment is said to show a similar disposition.

In this emergency the Governor is exerting all his powers. The citizens, to some extent at least, rally to his call. Our artist gives a view of the citizens of Harrisburg laboring on the fortifications of that city, showing the tardy but ineffective preparations now made. Meanwhile the New York regiments, all accustomed to military drill and evolution, some already tried by actual service, are hurrying to the scene of action, and on these men, till the War Department can assign regulars or volunteers, depends the safety of Pennsylvania. New York should not rest here, however: preparations should be made to protect important points, and to prevent the rebels, if successful in Pennsylvania, from pushing into New York.

Thus far the rebels have acted their pleasure in Pennsylvania, entering Chambersburg, leaving it and returning at pleasure. Only one skirmish has yet occurred, in which a New York cavalry regiment defeated a rebel detachment at Greencastle, but stirring scenes will soon be enacted in that State which now attracts the attention of all.

Barnum's American Museum.

GEN. TOM THUMB and his BEAUTIFUL LITTLE WIFE, late MISS LAVINIA WARREN; COM. NUTT and the TINY MINNIE WARREN, four of the smallest Human Beings ever seen, every Day and Evening. SPLENDID DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily, at 3 and 4 P. M.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, JULY 4, 1863.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane Street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

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Summary of the Week.

THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA.

The North has been again startled by a sudden invasion of Pennsylvania. Eluding Hooker, they dashed up the Shenandoah valley, and with 18,000 men invested Gen. Milroy at Winchester. Milroy made a short resistance, spiking his guns on the 14th, and left his fortified position and endeavored to escape, but was overtaken and defeated with great loss. He was killed, with the loss of 8,000 men, wounded and prisoners, cut his way to Harper's Ferry. Gen. Tyler fell back from Martinsburg to the same place. Gen. Reynolds was also driven from Berryville, and the rebel force then crossed the Potomac in several places, and in three columns pushed into Pennsylvania, doing no damage in Maryland, but in the former State destroying bridges, stores, etc., and carrying off drugs especially.

On the 16th, Gen. Tyler, attacked in force, evacuated Harper's Ferry and took position on Maryland Heights, which were so basely given up last year. From this commanding position Tyler shelled the rebels out of Harper's Ferry and then recrossed and took possession.

The rebel cavalry under Jenkins penetrated by way of Hagerstown as far as Chambersburg, Pa., and McConzelsburg, and caused great fear for the safety of Harrisburg. The archives, State library, picture gallery, etc., were packed up and removed. The enemy's main body is centred at Hagerstown, evidently resolved to hold it if possible.

The 1st New York cavalry repulsed a rebel party near Greencastle on the 16th.

Other New York regiments had arrived, and some from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, the latter showing, in some cases, a very bad spirit.

In this emergency the President, on the 15th, issued a call for 100,000 militia to be furnished at once for six months' service, from Maryland, West Virginia, Pennsylvania and Ohio, at the same time requesting New York to send 20,000. To this call the States have promptly responded, and the troops are pouring down.

Meanwhile Gen. Hooker has broken up his camp at Falmouth and transferred his base of supplies from Aquia Creek to Alexandria. His army is drawn up chiefly at Centreville, with cavalry at Warrenton, Ashby's and Thoroughfare Gap.

A sharp cavalry skirmish took place at Aldie on the 17th, in which the 3d and 5th Virginia cavalry were badly defeated by Gen. Kilpatrick. The loss was severe; including, on our side, Col. Doty, of Maine.

On the Peninsula we learn that the rebels had retreated, and that Gen. Keyes's forces occupied New Kent Court House on the 15th,

and had a sharp skirmish with the enemy near the Chickahominy.

MISSISSIPPI.

June 5.—A small body of our troops at Sartoria, on the Yazoo river, were met and attacked by a portion of Johnston's forces, when they retired to Haines's Bluff without loss. It was anticipated that the rebels might attack that position, but ample preparation has been made to repel them.

The garrison of Vicksburg, on the 12th, opened with mortar and siege guns, but Gen. Logan silenced them. Since then both parties have been using hand grenades.

June 13.—Sherman has pushed his lines within 20 yards of one of the enemy's bastions and drove them from their rifle pits.

June 14.—The town of Eunice was burned by the gunboat Marmora.

TENNESSEE.

Bragg's army is said to have been so reinforced as to make it contain 18 brigades of infantry and cavalry.

Gen. Rosecrans, on the 13th, delivered up the effect's of Williams, alias Orton, and Peters, hung as spies.

SOUTH CAROLINA—GEORGIA.

Since his run up the Combahee, Col. Montgomery, with his colored regiments, has attacked and burned Darien, Ga.

KENTUCKY.

June 13.—About 100 rebel cavalry intercepted the cars, with Federal horses on board, at Elizabethtown. They captured 60 horses, burned three cars, broke open Adams's Express office, and stole \$1,700 in gold, a gold watch and a diamond ring.

June 14.—Our forces this day captured the band of guerillas that committed depredations yesterday near Elizabethtown, and recovered nearly all the stolen Government horses.

June 15.—Refugees from Mount Sterling and Winchester, Kentucky, report that 300 rebels, under Peter Everett, this morning attacked a part of the 14th Kentucky cavalry, on Slate Creek, east of Mount Sterling. A severe engagement, lasting three hours, ensued, when our forces commenced retreating slowly, fighting as they withdrew.

June 16.—The 15th Michigan repulsed a rebel force in Fleming county, but lost a captain and 14 men killed and 30 wounded.

LOUISIANA.

The battle at Milliken's pond on the 15th was a fiercely contested one. The rebels were kept at bay by the negro recruits, and when the latter were forced back the gunboat Choctaw sent shells, with fearful effect, into the ranks of the rebels.

On the 3d June Lieut.-Col. Ellet, in the United States steam ram Switzerland, ran up the Atchafalaya to Simmsport, but was attacked by a rebel battery, manned by the 3d regiment, Arizona brigade (Texans), her cotton armor set on fire and her escape pipe cut. She then dropped out of range. The next day he returned with the iron-clads Lafayette and Pittsburg, which opened on the place with 100-pound rifled guns. The enemy fled, and a detachment from the boats landed and fired the town.

INDIANA.

On the 19th, about 100 of the 4th Kentucky cavalry (rebel) crossed the Ohio river into Harrison county, Indiana, repulsed the Home Guards at Orleans, and moved on towards the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, but were pursued by militia from New Albany, Ind., and Louisville, Ky., and 10 of them killed and 53 of them taken prisoners. Gov. Morton has called out 20,000 six months volunteers.

NAVAL.

The rebel privateers, unchecked by our navy, and encouraged by the timid attitude of our Government towards England, are increasing in numbers and audacity.

The Alabama took the Kingfisher on March 23, and the ship Louisa Grant on April 5th, burning both. The Arabella, of New York, was taken by the Florida No. 2, and bonded for \$40,000. The brig Mary Alvine, from Boston to New Orleans, with army stores, was entrapped and burned on the 9th, off the mouth of the Chesapeake, by the Confederate privateer Coquette, pretending to be the brig Clarence, of Baltimore, from Rio.

The barque Whistling Wind was also captured and burned by the Coquette. On the 12th the barque Tacony, from Port Royal, was taken, made a privateer, and the Coquette burned.

The Kate Stewart was taken but released. A three-masted schooner also robbed the fishing schooner Rose, and spoke a New York pilot-boat on the 16th.

The known rebel privateers now at sea are the Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Robert Lee, and one other steamer, and the barques Lapwing and the Tacony. They have already captured and destroyed with impunity 128 vessels.

The Navy Department has been aroused and dispatched 25 vessels in pursuit of the pirates.

On the 11th the United States steamer Florida, off the coast of North Carolina, captured the Calypso, a fine fast iron screw steamer.

On the 11th the United States steamer Stettin, C. J. Van Alstine, acting master, commanding, sunk, with her broadside, near Folly Island, a large sidewheel steamer, attempting to run into Sanford's Channel. The vessel is supposed to be the Ruby. Her crew escaped to the shore, having first set her on fire. She lies under the rebel guns on Morris Island and the Union guns on Folly Island, so that neither can reach her.

THE IDLER ABOUT TOWN.

THE experiment of producing a new opera in New York is a hazardous one, for several reasons: one, that we are here, to a certain extent, dependent upon European opinion; that we are unwilling to believe that anything can be good that does not come from abroad; another, that it is hardly possible to induce any manager to risk the necessary expenditure to produce, in proper style, a work which may possibly fail the first night. Resident composers labor under both those evils, and also under another which is almost equally fatal to the chance of success, namely, the impossibility of inducing first-class artists to study an unrecognized work. He must be a bold man, then, who, in face of these difficulties, attempts the production of a home-made opera before this community. Mr. Edouard Mollenhauer is a well-known musician, and respected for his ability and his talents as an artist, and the announcement of an opera from his pen should have created both curiosity and interest. But all the drawbacks we have mentioned were in full force in his case, especially as regards the singers, who, with the exception of Madame Rotter Deifenbach, were exceedingly inefficient. Besides, the opera was given in the German language, a reason that it should have been supported by our German citizens, but a sufficient cause for not attracting the attention of the general public.

The "Corsican Bride" cannot be classed as a grand opera, but rather as a musical drama. It is true that the dialogue is in "recitative," but the ensemble pieces it contains are too insignificant to support the term "grand;" and the scenes are not large enough in character to belong to anything above a musical drama. The work contains some good music, especially the trios; some of it reaches a passionate energy which is quite dramatic, but the general tone is one of smoothness, very much lacking in individuality. It is clever music, certainly, and carefully constructed, but we cannot award to it any originality. Its melodies, though free from the reproach of being hackneyed, are devoid of spontaneity, and therefore strike neither the ear nor the heart. We looked for freshness, but we found it not, and we are compelled to say that neither in the composition nor in the orchestration did we recognize the presence of a new thought or combination. We can forgive departures from rule in the works of new composers, but we cannot forgive a lack of inspiration nor tolerate musical dullness long drawn out. He who does not evince in his first works a freshness of spirit, a dawning of the divinity which compelled him to write, but rarely rises above mediocrity, than which nothing is more hopeless. He may labor out many notes, but he will surely produce but very indifferent music. It, perhaps, seems harsh to judge of this work from such an indifferent performance, but it would indeed be a very indifferent performance which could entirely conceal all flashes of genius and all traces of beautiful thoughts. We give Mr. Mollenhauer all credit for his labor and for his perseverance, but we regret that we cannot pronounce favorably of his composition.

Mr. Fillion's great work of art, the "Stereopticon," now exhibiting at Irving Hall, is really one of the most interesting exhibitions that we have seen for years. It is novel in its conception and wonderful in its execution. Its scale is so large that its views have rather the appearance of reality than of mere pictures. Its range of subjects is vast, comprising hundreds of the most beautiful scenes and the most exquisite works of human hands of the world. We linger over the views with delight, so great is their fascination, and we feel, with all who have seen them, that next to seeing the objects in reality, these counterfeits present the most genuine satisfaction, far beyond all descriptions that we have heard or read. Every one should visit the "Stereopticon" at least once.

Our judgment of the Patti case has turned out correct. The fair young singer has denied, in her own hand, every charge made against her father and Maurice Strakosch. She also denies all knowledge of the parties who put forth the charges, declaring the utmost confidence in the affection and honor of the gentlemen thus slandered. The noble lover seems to be let out in the cold, and does not bear his treatment with much composure. He talks of future developments. There is something yet to be disclosed, we feel assured, but we are content with the present state of affairs, and can wait for what the future may bring forth.

Wallack's, the favorite theatre of our aristocratic circles, closed for the season on Monday evening, the 22d inst., not for want of encouragement, but to afford the artists some rest before the opening of the fall campaign. The past season has been one of extraordinary success; not a single failure can be recorded; all the revivals have proved attractive, and the character of the theatre has been fully sustained. We hope to see all our old favorites retained and to welcome them again early in September.

The Winter Garden is closed for the present, but will be speedily reopened under the management of Miss Emily Thorne and Mr. Mark Smith. What their programme is to be has not yet transpired, but we suppose it will consist of a mixture of farce, spectacle and burlesque.

What shall we say of Niblo's Garden? The "Duke's Motto" still holds its place, and we cannot say any more in its praise than we have already said. Mr. Wheatley's acting is still the great attraction. Every one praises it, and the ladies say that the actor-manager is handsomer and more fascinating than ever. The people seem crazy to see the "Duke's Motto," and crowd the house to overflowing every night. It is almost impossible to get a reserved seat on the morning of the performance, and sometimes they have all been spoken two days in advance. In such cases the early visitor catches the best seats. The "Duke's Motto" will be performed every night until further notice.

The production of the new comedy, "The Wives of Paris," at Laura Keane's Theatre, has proved quite a success. It is hardly worthy the name of a comedy, but it is sprightly and piquant, and affords great scope for the display of much excellent dancing by very beautiful girls, and some dashing humorous music. The wonderful little Angelo still performs his extraordinary feat, and the troupe of Doria adds its rare attractions to the evening's entertainment. Mrs. Jane English is an enterprising caterer for the entertainment of the public.

Barnum cannot part with his Thumb, and the public sustain him in his endeavor to retain that useful member of his body corporate. The simple fact is,

that Tom Thumb and his little wife, together with Commodore Nutt and Miss Minnie Warren, prove so overwhelmingly attractive that Barnum cannot part with them on any consideration. Luckily the General is his own master, and can well afford to oblige his old friend Barnum and the public at the same time. The performances of these little people are really astonishing. They dance, sing, recite, and are perfectly protean in their assumption of characters. They are attraction enough in all conscience, but the Museum is filled with every other kind of attraction, not the least of which is the fine sensation drama, "The Duke's Device," which has been produced in magnificent style, and is performed every afternoon and evening in the Lecture Room.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The following correspondence is a singular sign of the times:

New York, June 16, 1863.
TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—In the present emergency, will you allow Major-General Fremont and Sigel to issue a call for volunteers to march at once to the defence of Pennsylvania and the nation.
FREDERICK KAPP.
SIGISMUND KAUFMAN.
CHARLES KESSMAN.

ANSWER.

Washington, June 16, 1863.
TO FREDERICK KAPP AND OTHERS.—The Governor of New York proposes to send us troops, and if he wishes the assistance of Gen. Fremont and Gen. Sigel, one or both, he can have it. If he does not wish them, it would but breed confusion for us to set them to work independently of him.
A. LINCOLN.

The annual commencement of the New York University was held in Niblo's Theatre, June 15, Rev. Dr. Ferris, Chancellor, presiding. The degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred on 20 young gentlemen, composing the graduating class, and the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon Rev. David Crawford, of Edinburgh, Scotland; Rev. Charles H. Stewart, U.S.N.; Rev. D. McL. Quackenbush, and Rev. F. W. Goldenheim, of this city; and Rev. C. H. Edgar, of Easton, Penn. The degree of Doctor of Laws was conferred on Rev. Marshall Henshaw, of Rutgers College; Hon. H. C. Cary, of Philadelphia, and Judge Allison, of Philadelphia.

Columbus Smith, of Salisbury, Vt., has brought a herd of ten domesticated buffaloes from Kansas. They are in good condition, and take to the pastures as if to the manor born.

The sudden disappearance of the copper token currency is most remarkable, they all went in a day. Some of the issuers have reclaimed the bogus coin, but others were acute enough to withhold all clue to the birth and parentage, and consequently escape the redemption.

Some of Gen. T. F. Meagher's friends gave a dinner to him on the 15th June, at the Astor House. In the course of the evening the champagne effervesced in the shape of a row between Gen. Nye and Mr. Fields. Gen. Nye having eulogized the system of arbitrary arrests and systematic violation of the constitution. One of our contributors says that Mr. Fields ought not to have noticed anything uttered by the half of nothing, making Nye as *ni-hil*. The most noticeable feature in this Irish dinner-party was that Mr. Policeman Kennedy stood ready, like a Gotham Quentin Durward, to arrest everybody and anybody at a nod or wink from Mr. Sloan, who presided at this feast of reason and the flow of soul.

The New York Herald reports that "Pet Halstead," of Kennebec, Maine, having spoken very disrespectfully of Gen. McClellan, at Willard's Hotel, Washington, on the 15th June, was insulted by an officer, and was obliged to retire to his own private apartments. The National Intelligencer, alluding to this affair, makes some very judicious observations upon the present style of bar room conversation.

Gen. Fremont sent a letter to the committee for the great abolition meeting at Concord, on the 17th June, apologizing for his absence.

Setchell, the low comedy man, on a recent occasion, having had the profanity to give a burlesque imitation of that bovine actor, Forrest, some of his retainers endeavored to hiss the offending mimic off the stage. Mr. Setchell's friends proved to be the stronger of the two, and the aristocratic Lord of Yonkers' henchmen were defeated.

The storm of the 15th June was very severe south of New York. In Trenton and Philadelphia large trees were blown down, and along the Delaware coast there was a perfect tornado.

Western.—The Republican Convention of Ohio, which met at Columbus on the 17th June, for the nomination of a ticket to run against the Vallandigham one, adopted the following: Governor, John Brough, of Cuyahoga county; Lieut.-Governor, Chas. Anderson, of Hamilton; Auditor, John H. Godmen, of Marion; Treasurer, G. Volney Dorsay, of Miami; Supreme Judge, H. H. Hunter, of Fairfield; Board of Works, John M. Barrier, of Highland.

Gen. Blunt, the Union Commander in Arkansas, has forbidden the sale of the Caucasian, Chicago Times and the New York World and several other papers of the peace-policy stamp.

The correspondent of the Tribune says that nothing could equal the combat between the rebels and the colored regiment. No quarter was asked or given. Side by side fell the negro man and the white. The negro soldiers are very ready in using their muskets as clubs, and their blows are fearful, mashing in the skull.

The Republican Union Convention of California, held at Sacramento, on the 17th June, nominated the Hon. Frederick F. Low, of San Francisco, as their candidate for Governor. Mr. Low was representative in the last Congress for the third district of his State.

Ex-Governor Ramsay, of Minnesota, is in Washington, with claims against the Government, growing out of the late Indian troubles in that State, amounting to \$300,000. Congress appropriated \$225,000 for the payment of these claims, which the Commissioners are now employed in adjudicating.

Southern.—Richardson and Brown of the New York Tribune, and Buckley of the Herald are in Libby prison, Richmond.

Prices in Richmond are almost beyond belief: Pegged shoes, \$25; butter, \$3 a pound; beef (fresh), \$1.50; oranges, \$4 a piece. A gold dollar is worth nine dollars Confederate money.

The Petersburg Express publishes Fernando Wood's speech in New York, and calls upon all disponding Southerners to keep up their spirits.

It would seem that Mobile is thoroughly prepared for an attack, having three iron-clad rams and seven gunboats, besides numerous batteries placed in commanding spots.

There has been little of interest to extract from the Southern journals, so far as we have seen them. They appear to take a hopeful view of their military position, and evidently chuckle over something they think is going to happen in Maryland. The Chattanooga Rebel clamors for retaliation and revenge in the following ludicrous manner: "Our Government (says the editor) must develop its reserved energies, cast away forbearance, and humbly imitating the course said by Milton to have been pursued by our Creator, when the devils heaved up volcanic mountains and tartarian pitch, to overwhelm his angels and desolate heaven, we, too, must gather the two-edged sword, and pour out a consuming fire that will devour the East with destruction, burning and the horrors of despair. We can arm and equip 50,000 of our veterans who never fled from the face of an enemy, and can move unhurt, and almost unchallenged, from Cincinnati to Boston. They can lay in ashes the richest and most populous of the Northern cities, leaving behind them a ruin as broad and burning as the inferno. They can build a burning ploughshare over the hotbeds

of pulling fanaticism, from which sprang the Até turned loose on the South."

A correspondent of the Boston Journal, who was an eye-witness at the recent assault on Port Hudson, says: "Shells from the rebel guns cut down trees three feet in diameter, and they fell, at one time burying a whole company beneath their branches." The same writer, speaking of the unhappy negroes who were shelled into flight, says: "Prisoners taken by the rebels on this day were deliberately murdered and piled upon the earthworks in sight of the negro skinners. Others were literally crucified, nailed alive to trees and slowly tortured to death. They could be distinctly seen by the black skirmishers. At night the rebels came down from their earthworks and stripped the slaughtered negroes of their clothing and valuables, and offered indignities to the inanimate bodies. During the flag of truce on the following day, the negroes were not allowed to take advantage of it, and to-day their bodies can be seen stripped and stark, lying up close under the guns of the enemy."

Military.—In the cargo of one of the prize steamers lately captured and brought into this port, large quantities of tomahawks have been discovered, manufactured by British neutral traders, and sent to the rebels for arming the Indians to aid in the prosecution of this atrocious rebellion. Also, large quantities of a nondescript savage weapon, something between a tomahawk and a butcher's cleaver, stamped W. Gulpin, Wedges Mills, 1862, evidently intended for arming Indians.

Col. James Johnson, with a Pennsylvania regiment, last week made a three days' reconnaissance along the Chickahominy, nearly to Charles City Court House, driving in the enemy's pickets, capturing a number of the 10th Vir. in cavalry, securing large herds of fine cattle, horses, mules, saddles, bridle, bugles, wagons, guns, over \$500 worth of tobacco, and destroying valuable tool shops, forage and grain.

A company of colored men arrived at Harrisburg on the 17th, from Philadelphia, whose services were declined by Major-General Couch, on the ground that no authority had been granted by the War Department for the master of colored troops into the service of the United States for a less period than three years.

A captain in the army writes to the Boston Transcript that Major Winthrop, killed at Gettysburg, was shot by a negro. The writer says: "I have it from a member of the Wythe Rifles of Hampton, Va., who was present at the fight and saw Winthrop fall, that he was shot by a negro at the suggestion and command of the captain of the rifles, who said to him substantially, 'These Yankees will take you to Cuba and sell you. If you wish to stay with your wife and children, drive them out of Virginia.' The negro fired, and, unconsciously to him, there fell one of the earliest and best friends of the race to which he belonged."

Three thousand of our wounded Northern soldiers have been dispatched North from Washington since the 10th of June. The hospitals there were so crowded that it was an absolute necessity to turn them out.

A war correspondent thus paints the march of Hooker's army from Falmouth after Lee's army. "During the march on Monday, the army suffered untold miseries. The heat was oppressive in the extreme, with a scorching breath of air stirring. The roads were ankle deep with dust; and to cap the climax the streams and springs along the way were all dry. The whole country was filled with stragglers. Men could not be kept in the ranks. Every piece of woods was filled with them, and no coaxing or threatening could prevail on them to move on. The ambulances were crowded with those who had completely given out. I presume there were as many as a thousand cases of *coup de soleil*, of which at least a hundred were instantly fatal. The open country was crowded with these poor fellows, dropping down by the roadside in all directions." The Express says: "More men have been killed by the incompetency of our generals than by the bullets of the enemy."

Naval.—The ship Crown Point, Capt. Giet, from New York, April 9, for San Francisco, was captured and burned by the privateer Florida, on the 13th of May, in lat. 7 S., lon. 24. The Crown Point had a valuable cargo, and was insured for \$50,000 against capture.

Capt. Trotten, of the U. S. Navy, has assumed command of the naval rendezvous at New Bedford, Mass.

Pierre d'Orleans, a son of the Prince de Joinville, who lately graduated at Newport, has applied for active service in our navy.

Personal.—Ex-Secretary Cameron positively denies that he advised, in a speech, that the command of the Pennsylvania troops now organizing should be taken from Gen. Couch and given to Gen. McClellan or Gen. Franklin.

G. W. Jones, late Minister to New Grenada, and who was arrested in Nov. 1861, and kept four months in Fort Lafayette, has sued Mr. Seward for \$50,000 damages.

Miss Anna E. Dickenson, the beautiful Demosthenes of Philadelphia, is announced to deliver a lecture before the Young Men's Association of Elmira. A correspondent alluding to her recent visit to the Governor of Pennsylvania, says it was invading the privileges of his wife, who alone is entitled to give him a Curtin lecture.

The Cahawba lately brought from New Orleans City about 50 rebel officers as prisoners, captured during the late movements of Gen. Banks through Louisiana, and perhaps delivered to Gen. Dix for purposes of exchange. Among them are some lions, although most of them are as yet unknown to Union fame. The greatest lion is Capt. Fuller, formerly of the gunboat Cotton, now lately of the Queen of the West, which he commanded from her capture by the rebels until her destruction by our gunboats in April. Much has already been said and written about Capt. Fuller, and it is not now necessary to inflict a twice-told tale. He is evidently a pious man—that is, not an F. F.—a man of strong native sense, believes in State rights, and that the cause of the South is more just and sacred than that of the Colonies in the American Revolution, and is to-day a very fair representative of that class who two years since were opposed to secession. His personal bravery is well attested, and he bears on and in his own person many a certificate of presence in late-fought fields. Also among these prisoners is Capt. S. James, of Semmes's battery, and who commanded the gunboat Diana at the time of her destruction on Bayou Teche at the battle of Indian Bend. Although a young man of a reputation of his own among the Confederates, he is doubtless more noticed as a prisoner on account of the notoriety of his father, Capt. Ralph Semmes, late of the pirate Alabama.

Gen. Grant is described as about five feet nine inches high, has sandy hair and whiskers, blue eyes, a firm and determined mouth, a well-shaped nose, and a complexion that shows the effects of exposure. He is very far from what it is called a handsome man. He has a good form, very square shoulders, and generally stands squarely on his feet, never resting on one leg, or lounging against a support. He never uses profane or extravagant language. He is almost a model of temperance, seldom drinking at all; but he smokes continually. In conversation he is rarely animated, except among his most intimate and familiar companions. He prides himself on his horsemanship. At the battle of Monterey he was ordered to carry an order to a point where he had to pass under the fire of a battery. He put his horse into a full gallop, threw himself off on one side, after the manner of the Indians, holding on by the horse's mane, and by one leg thrown over the side of the saddle, and in this position leaped a four-foot wall. Gen. Grant was married soon after he left the regular army, and has now three children, one of whom, a boy about six years old, is nearly as good a rider as his father.

According to the Richmond correspondent of the London Times, the stories of the ill health of Jeff Davis are true. His excellency the head rebel is suffering under a severe bronchial affection, his cough

is exhaustive and distressing, and although it is his practice to ride twenty miles on horseback daily, his condition is such as to inspire considerable uneasiness. This writer, however, adds a statement which is curious and important if true. He remarks that the "extreme lateness and coldness of the spring have had an unfavorable influence upon the President's bronchitis, and have arrested the early growth of spring grass." The allusion suggests an inquiry whether the Times' correspondent regards Davis as a second Nebuchadnezzar, who is in peril of being turned out to grass in explanation of his sins?

Henry Segur has been presented to the President as the Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Salvador. Expressions of friendship were exchanged, as usual on such occasions.

Thomas D. Edwards, of Kentucky, late Consul at Demarara, has been appointed United States Attorney for the Territory of Nevada.

Paymaster of the army, Edward V. Preston, of Connecticut, has been ordered to New Orleans.

Obituary.—Lieut.-Col. Rodman, commanding the 38th Massachusetts volunteer, was killed on the 27th May, in the attack on the batteries of Port Hudson. He was the only son of Benj. Rodman, of New York, and aged 42. He visited California in 1850, and returned to New Bedford, by way of Calcutta and the overland route. He was elected to the Legislature of Massachusetts in 1861.

Col. Chas. Jackson, of the 2d Louisiana (white) regiment, who was killed in the same battle, was the son of Charles Cushman, of Boston. He was born in 1813, and graduated at Hartford College, 1833. He went out as Captain of the 22d Mass.; then he was promoted to Major of the 30th, where he was made Colonel of the 2d Louisiana.

Col. E. P. Chapin, also killed in the attack on Port Hudson, commanded the 116th regiment. He was a native and resident of Buffalo.

Capt. E. E. Cross, U. S. E., who was killed while throwing a bridge across the Rappahannock for the passage of troops for the recent reconnaissance, was the son of Hon. Eob. Cross, and born in Amesbury, Mass., in 1817. He entered West Point in 1836, and graduated in 1861. He ranked second in a very large class.

Edward William Tryon, a well-known New York merchant, died on the 13th June, at the house of his son-in-law, Mayor Elder, of Hoboken, in his 66th year. He was a man of education and refinement, having travelled extensively in Europe, and was much respected by a large circle of acquaintances.

Lieut.-Col. Colburn, formerly Assistant-Adjutant-General, McClellan's Staff, and who has lately been acting in the same capacity in St. Louis, died on the 17th June in that city, after a short illness.

Rev. Ralph Emerson, D.D., late Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology at the Andover Seminary, died at Rockford, Illinois, on the 20th May, aged 70.

Mr. John Wood, whom many of us remember as a low comedian of much ability, died at Victoria (British Columbia), on the 28th May. He, a few years since, made quite a sensation in this city by his performance (at Wallace's old theatre) in Talfourd's burlesque entitled, "Shylock." He was the husband of Mrs. John Wood, the popular comedienne.

Mr. Culling Eardly Smith, the President of the English Evangelical Society, died lately in England, aged 69.

On the 18th June Capt. George Henchman died in Boston, aged 77. He was one of our oldest and bravest sailors. In 1812 he served on board a privateer, and was captured by the British, in whose prison of Dartmoor he remained nearly two years.

Accidents and Offences.—As Jacob Forney, an engineer on the Penn. Cen. R. road, was looking out of the car as the train was going at full speed, his head came in contact with a post, and he was killed on the spot.

At a recent ball at Toronto, Capt. Massey, of the British army, proposed to Miss McTavish, a wealthy Canadian heiress, to elope. The lady jumped at the offer, and suddenly leaving the gay and festive scene the loving pair took the cars. They were pursued and captured. The military hero of this daring raid into morals has a wife and family.

John Connor, night watchman at a Danbury hat factory, accidentally fell into a huge kettle of boiling dye, last week, and was scalded so that his life is despaired of.

Dr. Potter of Geneva, New York, assisted by several other physicians, recently performed a surgical operation upon the son of Rev. Mr. Chubbuck, of Milport, Cayuga county, for injury of the spine. A section of the bone three inches in length was removed, and the spinal cord was observed pulsating in exact time with the heart and brain above the point of the injury, but not below.

Mr. Daniel Henderson, of Long Island, Bluehill Bay, drowned himself on the 15th June. He was married the previous evening. No cause is known for the deed.

An escaped convict from the Massachusetts State Prison was arrested in New York, the other day, and was placed on board the steamer Commodore, in a state-room in which there was a small skylight. When the boat reached Sand's Point, Connecticut, he was missing, and it was apparent that he must have escaped through the skylight, which afforded small egress for a man of his size, who was handcuffed to boot. Search was made throughout the boat, but nothing could be found of him till they reached Groton, when he was discovered sitting on the upper part of the rudder, to which he had clung while they had come a hundred miles in the Sound.

We learn from a special dispatch to the Bangor Flag and Courier, that Moses King's wife and child, and William King, wife and child, while sailing on the river, were carried by the current over Kicon Falls and drowned. The body of Mrs. King's daughter has been recovered.

On reaching the Sing-Sing prison, Ex-Colonel D'Ussay was duly clothed in the garb of the establishment and put to work. He had his head shaved in New York, in preference to waiting his arrival at his destination, where he would have undergone the operation at the hands of the prison barber.

Foreign.—Fashionable intelligence from Paris states that the ball at the Hotel Talleyrand Sagan, at which the highest Parisian aristocracy is to assemble, is much spoken of. It is positive that gentlemen will not be admitted except in coats and breeches of varied-colored silks. It will be a fête of the last century.

The female Turveydrops in high society in London are criticizing the manners of the Princesses of Wales. They say she means well but is simple and awkward, and presents a contrast to the Princess Alice, who is elegance itself.

Sothern, the celebrated representative of that illustrious Peer, Lord Dundreary, has met with a rebuff in Edinburgh. The common sense Scotch declare the play of the "American Cousin" as a jarrage of nonsense, and his performance of the chief character as a dull and pointless abortion. The houses were very bad after the first night, and Sothern Dundreary had a dreary time of it.

The ship Resolution, in which the celebrated Capt. Cook circumnavigated the world in 1772, is now at Demarara loading sugar for London.

An American clergyman and his family, during a recent tour in England, visited Eddystone Lighthouse, and while there celebrated divine service, the first ever offered on those lonely rocks.

A married pair dwell at Marulan, Australia, named O'Neill, aged respectively 112 and 108 years. They retain their sight, hearing and mental faculties, and are considered the oldest couple living.

Mr. Naylor, the owner of the winner of the Derby, has just handed to the Mayor of Liverpool (in which town he resides) £1,000 to be distributed amongst the charities of the town.

51,368,530 pounds of tea have been imported into London between the 1st of January and the 30th of April of the present year.

It is proposed to establish a railroad from Rosario, in the Argentine provinces of South America, to Cordova, to connect the Atlantic and the Pacific. Subscriptions to this project are being sought in London.

The British Government has agreed to take the International Exhibition building off the hands of the Royal Commissioners and the contractors. It is estimated that £484,000 will be required for the purchase of the site and structure, and for carrying out various alterations, but for the present year it is only proposed to take a vote of £172,000.

The Spanish journals mention that the country in the neighborhood of Cuera, in the province of Toledo, is suffering from a plague of grasshoppers. A special commission has been formed for taking measures for their destruction, and 1,000 persons have been employed in that work. It is proposed to ask for the assistance of the troops should the present measures not succeed.

The first stone has been laid of a monumental memorial of Tyndal, the martyr, and translator of the Bible. The monument, which is to be erected by public subscription, will be on Nibley Knoll, near Wootton-under-Edge, and in the parish in which Tyndal was born. There was a large assemblage of people. The spot selected is a lofty one, and the memorial will be seen from a great distance. It will consist of a tower 111 feet high, exclusive of the terminal, which is to be a reflector.

The Prefect of the department of Savoy published an ordinance on the 17th of November last, offering a reward for the destruction of foxes and weasels. In consequence of this ordinance 1,500 foxes were killed in the department, which entitled the fortunate sportsmen to a sum of £4,720. The sum voted by the Council-General of the department amounted, however, to only 1,500*fr.*; and the Prefect, who did not anticipate such a wholesale destruction of noxious animals, has been forced to apply to the Council for a further grant of money. In the meantime he has given notice that he cannot pay any further reward.

Art, Science and Literature.—Longfellow is busy translating the divine comedy of Dante. Considering Cary's excellent version, this will be a work of considerable enterprise.

The 38th Annual Exhibition of the National Academy of Design closed on the 24th June. It is considered as one of the most satisfactory of the series.

A princely legacy has been left the scientific world by Dr. Robert, the late physician to the King of Italy. It consists of seven prizes of 20,000 francs each, to be awarded every three years for the best medical work in either of the three languages—Italian, Latin or French. The term of the first competition will expire on the 31st December, 1864.

It is said that a second volume of letters from Mendelssohn, the musical composer, to his friends, written while on his travels abroad, will soon be published in Germany. The first series (lately published by F. Lippoldt, Philadelphia) was translated by Lady Wallace, mother of the late Sir William Don, the highest of actors, if not the best.

Chit-Chat.—Miss Emily Faithful, of the Victoria Printing Press of London, has adopted as an emblem a lion alert, with the motto, *Fideli et Firmitas*. A journalist suggests that this means Faithful & Co., the name of the firm.

In consequence of the lightning setting fire to a lady's dress through her steel hoops taking fire, it has been suggested that every lady shall either have a fire-escape or an electric conductor. The Budget of Fun says a lively young man is the best lightning conductor a young lady can have.

It was, and may still be, a beautiful custom of the Hollanders to dedicate a piece of silver plate, or some other article of value, to the memory of departed friends or relations. A gentleman of Dutch descent, now living in Friedensburg, Lehigh county, Penn., has in his possession a silver spoon, dedicated to the memory of a younger brother of one of his ancestors.

An enthusiastic believer was relating to a sceptic certain spiritual performances to which he could testify, and, among other things, he said that, on one occasion, the spirit of his wife, who had been dead several years, returned to him, and, seating herself upon his knee, put her arm around him, and kissed him, much to his gratification, as she used to do when living. "You do not mean to say," remarked the sceptic, "that the spirit of your wife really embraced you and kissed you?" "No, not exactly," replied the believer, "but her spirit took possession of the female medium—the future Mrs. B.—that is to be your know—and, through her, embraced and kissed me?"

Down on the Amazon are spiders with bodies two inches and legs seven inches long, that catch and suck birds; butterflies that are mistaken for humming-birds; green snakes just like a creeping plant, and a beautiful coral snake with bands of black and vermilion separated by clear white rings; monkeys with white hair all over them; monkeys only seven inches long, and owl-faced apes, sleeping all day and lively at night.

Not long since one of the magistrates of Bristol (Eng.), at the Council House, addressing a man brought before him, who did not appear under very favorable circumstances, inquired if he were married? "No," replied the man. "Then," rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter from the other occupants of the court, "it's a good thing for your wife."

There are 150 persons in New York, who are known to have made fortunes, varying from \$100,000 to \$1,500,000 during the past 18 months, some by stocks, some by contracts, some by shoddy, some by selling bad vessels to the Government, some by crackers and cheese for the army, and some by disposing of good officers. These shoddy aristocrats have added about 200 brilliant new equipages to the Ring at the Central Park, and will soon figure largely at the watering-places.

A few years since an American dollar of the coinage of 1795 (the first year any were issued by the United States) was owned in this city, the circumstances connected with which were as remarkable as its date. The dollar was received by the supercargo of a trading vessel, at the Island of Waka Heira, one of the Marquesas group. The coin was perfect with the exception of a small hole drilled through near the edge, and had evidently been used as a medal. It was said by the natives to have come from the first vessels which anchored in and fortified the harbor. This was undoubtedly Commodore Porter's fleet, which fitted there in 1813, and who fortified a small eminence at the head of Tai Hae Bay.

The correspondent of the New York Tribune gives this Bull Run female victory: "Still further on, a certain Colonel, a staff officer of one of our Generals, noted for his talent for repartee, and the favorable opinion which he entertained of his own good looks, stopped at the house of a farmer, and discovered there a fine milk cow, and still better a pretty girl, stirred in a neat calico dress, cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves. After several unsuccessful attempts to engage the young lady in conversation, he proposed to her to have the cow milked for his own special benefit. This she indignantly refused. The Colonel not wishing to compromise his reputation for gallantry, remarked that if all the young ladies in Virginia were as beautiful as the one he had the pleasure of addressing, that he had no desire to conquer the Confederacy. With a toss of her pretty head and a slight elevation of her nose, she answered thus: 'Well, sir, if all the gentlemen in your army are as ugly as you are, we ladies have no desire to conquer them.' How are you, Colonel?"

The correspondent of a New York paper says: "A citizen of Lancaster or Westmoreland drove up in an open buggy, with his large umbrella sheltering him from the sun, to recover his only negro boy, who had avowed his determination to become a Yankee, and had gone into the train which was 'onward bound.' The citizen was interrogated by the question, 'Were you ever in the rebel army?' He answered he had been. 'Why, then, are you not in it now?' 'Because I procured a substitute.' It followed that the citizen lost not only his 'boy,' but his horse, which was unharnessed from his buggy by the cavalrymen, and he was left to w. home or get there in any manner that he could."

A woman was brought before the Recorder of Albany, not long ago, charged with some misdemeanor. She asserted his honor she was a respectable woman, and not at all capable of the offense imputed. "Where do you reside?" enquired the judge. "In New York," said the lady. "Whom do you know there?" mention some respectable person of your acquaintance. The lady gave the names of nearly all the eminent criminal lawyers in Gotham. "Very respectable gentlemen," said his honor, smiling—"but not very respectable associates for a lady."

FORT BEAUREGARD, SULLIVAN'S ISLAND.

OUR view of this rebel work was made during the attack of the iron-clads on Fort Sumter, from on board Gen. Hunter's flagship, the Ben Deford. She had anchored off the Swash Channel to view the engagement, with the Nantasket and the United States coast survey steamer Bibb anchored near her. Our Artist had just finished his sketch, when, to the surprise of all, shell began to fall among the vessels, and Gen. Hunter remarked, drily, "Captain, I think they have got our range!" Fortunately they were all able to run out of reach.

HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GEN. Q. A. GILMORE, Commandant of the Department of S. C.

MR. CRANE, our Special Artist in the Department of the South, sends us a pleasing sketch of the Headquarters of Major-Gen. Q. A. Gilmore, the hero of Fort Pulaski, who has just succeeded Gen. Hunter in the command of that department and taken up his quarters at the spot here graphically portrayed.

THE GUNBOAT CHOCTAW

Shelling the Rebels after the Battle at Milliken's Bend, La., June 7, 1863.

AFTER the negroes succeeded in repulsing the attack made on them on the 6th, the steamer St. Cloud came up from below, and learning the state of affairs, returned for reinforcements of artillery and a gunboat. Both were started up, and the gunboat Choctaw arrived upon the spot early on Sunday morning, to find that the rebels had returned. During the night they had busied themselves in gathering a large number of mules together, and when day broke started them forward, using them as a means of protection, while they followed close behind. They were promptly met by our troops this time, behind their breastworks. Gradually the rebels moved their line, sacrificing their mules to the rifle shots, and opened upon their works with rifles, shotguns and artillery; but they made little by their strategy. They had got fairly engaged when the gunboat Choctaw came in for her share in the fight, using with effect her heavy guns, charged with shell. An unfortunate shot from the Choctaw, it is said, killed several members of the negro regiment. It was owing to the fact that she was not able to raise her guns sufficiently to fire above them. This was remedied. The fight continued, and when the Choctaw succeeded in getting range she sent such a storm of shot and shell into the rebel ranks that after being once or twice rallied they broke in disorder and fled, taking off their dead and wounded. Since then numbers of dead mules have been floating down the river.

ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE 14th annual regatta, on the 11th inst., was a most interesting scene, and excited a good deal of enthusiasm.

The sailing courses were as follows: A flagboat was anchored abreast of the Club House, Hoboken, on the east side of which the yachts were anchored, in two lines, head to wind, commencing from the flagboat with those of the greatest allowance of time. Yachts were allowed to have their mainsails, or foreails and mainsails, according to their rig hoisted, and gaff topsails set, the committee reserving the discretionary power, however, of adopting any other preparation for starting they might deem proper, should the weather or circumstances render a change necessary. None of them, however, had any sails set.

The yachts passed to the north and west of a flagboat stationed off Robbins' Reef light; thence easterly to a flagboat stationed off Owl's Head, Long Island, passing it to the north and east; thence around the buoy of the South-west Spit, passing it from the north and east.

Returning, they first passed the flagboat anchored off Owl's Head, Long Island, passing it to the south and east; thence to the flagboat off Robbins' Reef light, passing it to the south and west; thence to a flagboat off Governor's Island, passing it to the south and east; thence to the flagboat abreast of the Club House, Hoboken, passing it to the westward. In going and returning all yachts on the west bank—viz., Nos. 11, 13 and 15—were passed to the eastward. The starting signal was given at twenty minutes past ten, and thirty-five minutes later the entire fleet was under way, standing over to the New York shore, on the starboard tack, with a southerly breeze. The yachts and pilot-boats scattered over the bay all followed, and the steamers ran down to see the stake-boat passed.

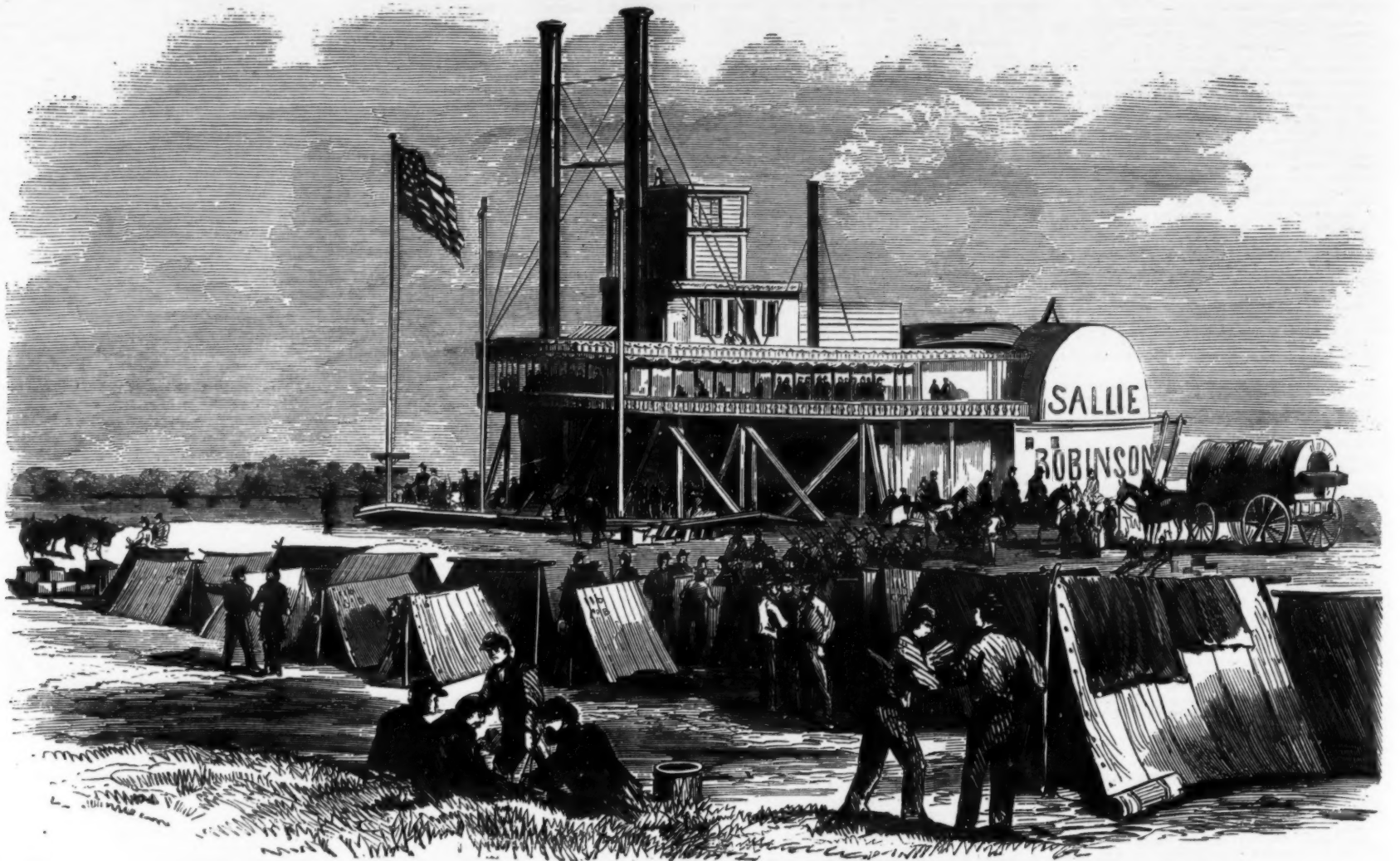
The passing of South-west Spit was a moment of great excitement, and our Artist depicts the Gipsy and Favorita at that point, as their movement created very great interest and betting ran high. They are both first-class schooners, quite heavy, and the Gipsy is a foretopmast schooner, being now for the first time square rigged.

ALMANACS.—The earliest English almanacs were printed in Holland in small folio sheets, but there does not appear to be any trace of the original inventors. The first in print is admitted to be that of John Muir, of Montenegro, better known by the name of Regiomontanus, published at Nuremberg, in 1472. The first recorded account in England of an almanac is in the Year Book of Henry VII.

TIRE JUDGE interrupted Curran in the midst of his speech, when an ass began to bray under the window, by saying:

"One at a time, Mr. Curran, if you please." Presently the judge began his charge to the jury, and the ass began to bray again, and Mr. Curran remarked:

"Does not your lordship hear a remarkable echo in the court?"



ARMY OF GEN. BANKS—LANDING OF THE 116TH N. Y. V. AT WINTER'S PLANTATION, NEAR PORT HUDSON.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. E. W. BERGER, 116TH N. Y.

LANDING OF THE 116TH NEW YORK AT WINTER'S PLANTATION.

An officer in Gen. Banks's army has given us a good sketch, showing the Western boats and scenery.

THE NEW REBEL INVASION OF THE FREE STATES.

The North has been again startled by the

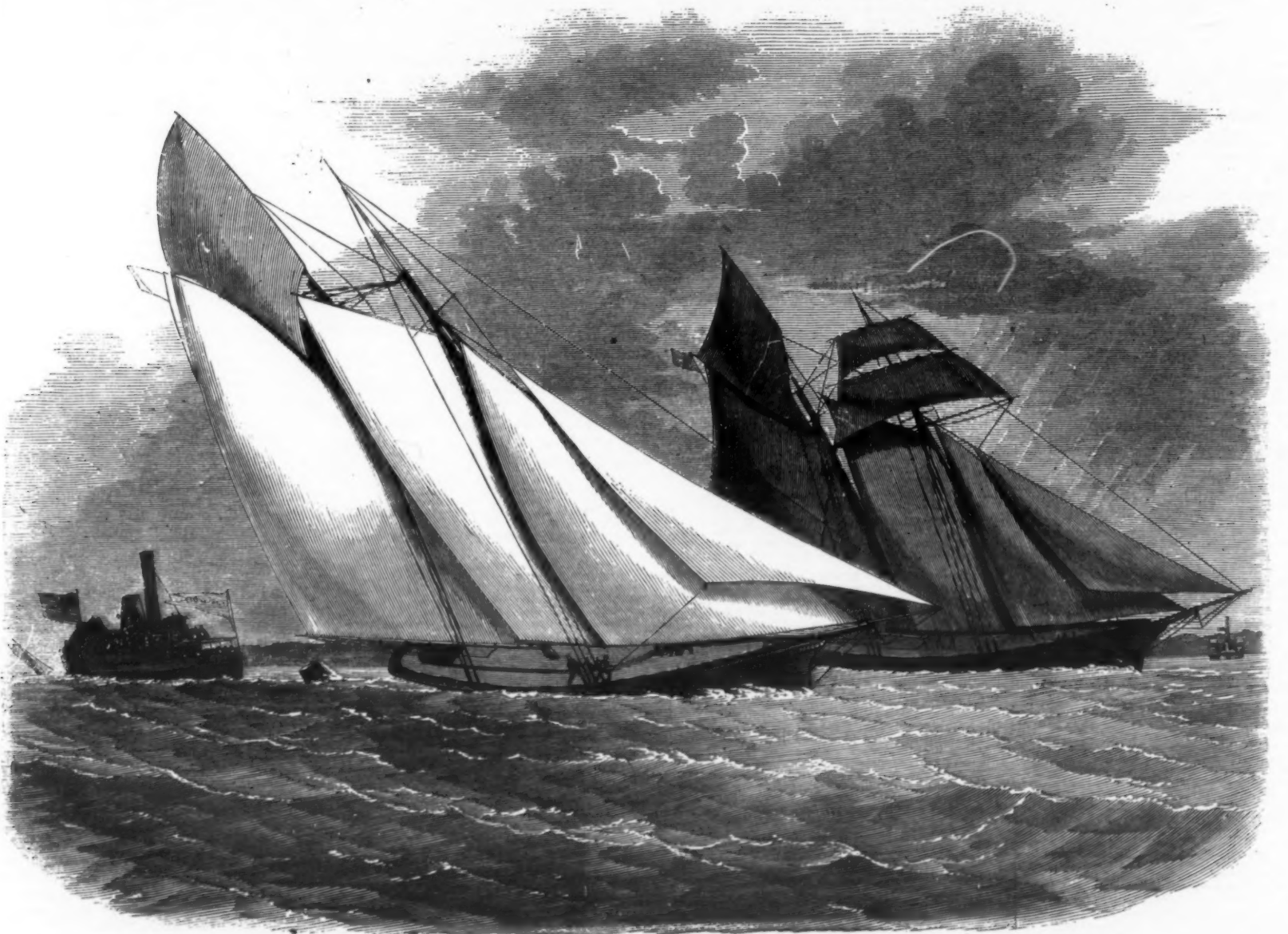
news flashing over the country that Lee's army in whole or in part had eluded Hooker and crossed the Potomac into Maryland and Pennsylvania. The President and the Secretary, leaving the minor matters in which they have been engaged, call for militia. Pennsylvania, untaught by her lesson last year, is endeavoring to improvise an army to match Lee's veterans. New York and New Jersey pour in troops to her aid. Our Artist has most happily chosen a scene for illustration—the swarm of Southern horsemen crossing the Potomac to sweep like Cossacks through the rich pastures and grain fields of the Keystone State.

INVALID'S BOCK REST.

TAKE four yards of twine, two small hooks and a slip of smooth pine a foot long and half an inch in diameter. The hooks may be made of nails, stout pins or a bit of wire. They should be fastened to the wall or canvass overhead, about 2½ or 3 feet from the head of the bed. Make fast the middle of each piece of twine about an inch from either end of the stick; tie the other ends together and throw the loops over the hooks above, leaving the slip of wood suspended. Any book, pamphlet or newspaper may now be in-

serted between the two perpendicular lines, which form a support or rest, and the patient may use it in a sitting posture or lying down. By the help of a comrade, the soldier who has lost an arm or been otherwise injured may, in five minutes, have his book so propped up that he can read without trouble or fatigue.

LAZINESS begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. It creeps over a man so slowly and imperceptibly that he is bound tight before he knows it.



THE ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 11—CONTEST AT S. W. SPIT BETWEEN THE FIRST-CLASS SCHOONERS GIPSY AND FAVORITE.



MUSTERED OUT.

BY J. W. WATSON.

WELL, here I am at home again, thank God!
Two years have scarcely changed my
native place;
The old familiar chestnuts bow and nod,
And drop their welcoming blossoms on my
face.
How like the summer morning, two short
years ago,
When down this very road our regiment
went forth,
Then we had beating hearts and drums, and
pomp and show,
And vague dreams of this great uprising
North.

We were a thousand men, all told, and stout,
No laggards, grumblers, stragglers on the
way,
No weak and puerile tongues to utter doubt,
And yet we thought our task no baby play.
Well, well, we've brought back twenty score
of men—

How sweeps the perfume of that wild
seringo by—
Yes, twenty score from fifty score, what
then?

They died as well becomes a man to die.
She stood just here, and as we marched
along,
Stretched out her hand, filled with seringo
bloom.

I caught one spray, and, in our interval of
song,
I kissed it, and with all the smiles I could
assume
Pinned it upon my breast, and waved good-
bye!

I have it here, a withered, worthless shred,
A worthless shred, by which, when death
was nigh,
I walked, a living man, amid the dead.

And now—she is but one short mile from
here,
Almost within the hailing of my voice,
And still I lie, in half-born boyish fear,
And think, if of the two I had my choice,
Whether to meet her with this armless sleeve,
Or be once more amid the battle's stern
alarms,
I'd choose the last, and win my senses to
believe
It better than when clasped within her
arms.

But yet they tell me I have altered much,
And that my boyish look no more is seen,
That even with the disadvantage of this
crutch
My air is manlier and my eye more keen.
Perhaps 'tis so, thanks to the sergeant's drill;
Perhaps in time I'll cast this crutch away,
But time the armless sleeve will never fill,
This is the badge for ever of the fray.

Why, pshaw! this sounds like grumbling,
and a man—
My colonel says—who growls and grumbles
at his lot

Is never, in the fight, found in the van;
A grumbler makes a viler soldier than a
sot.

Is there not something in these memory days,
And will they not, when I am growing old,
Be the rich fuel that shall feed the blaze,
And make the crucible of life run molten
gold?

Would I exchange the memory of the charge
At Marye's Heights to gain my truant arm;
Would I blot out my memories at large
To find for this weak, wounded frame, a
balm?

Would I, for health and strength, forget the
men,
The comrades, brothers, those who stood
with bated breath,
Shoulder to shoulder, in the battle, when
Each bullet might have been a messenger
of death?

Would I forget my schoolmates, they who
bore
Our flag right onward through the storm
of fire,
Who sealed devotion to a righteous war,
Who scorned the thought of interest or
hire?
The nation's wrong had made their blood to
boil,
They went, resolved to die, but not to yield,
Their bones are whitening on a Southern
soil,
Their blood enriches many a fallow field.

Lord, keep my memory green and young,
that I,
When age shall strike me, still shall hear
them speak;
And learn by them how a brave man should
die
Who never did an act to blush his cheek.
Some day, with children sitting on my knees,
When romps or petting them no more
avails,
I can play veteran, and at mine ease
Fight wondrous battles and tell wondrous
tales.

Ah, well! there's compensation for us still;
For every evil that the world has made
A balm within ourselves for every ill,
Without that world's unoffered, chary aid.
Once more the wild seringo bloom floats by
And wafts me to the day I went from thee,
Once more I hear upon its breath the cry,
"Come! be thou maimed or ill, come back
to me!"

PRIZE STORY

No. 30.

THE CRIMSON CLUE.

By Lizzie Campbell.

I.

TOWARD the close of the summer of 1840
an extraordinary event occurred in the village of
Acton.

Belle Lincoln, the only child of a widow lady,
who had lived in the village for many years, and
was generally esteemed and respected, suddenly
and inexplicably disappeared.

Belle was seventeen years old, and a lovely
blonde.

Of course she had many suitors, but above all she
favored Clarence Osgood, a wealthy young barrister,
settled in the neighborhood.

As days grew into weeks and weeks into months,
and still no news was heard of the missing girl, the
belief of her constrained abduction, at first dimly
conceived by the villagers, became matter of posi-
tive conviction; and her lover, distracted with grief,
swore an oath of vengeance against the spoiler of
his peace. Years passed, and nothing transpired
to lighten the darkness which shrouded the disap-
pearance of Belle Lincoln, and, except in the
mourning hearts of her mother and her lover, the
young girl was almost forgotten.

At first, young Osgood, controlled by deep grief,
had abandoned his profession and all ordinary
pursuits. But after five or six years he resumed
his wonted occupations, re-entered the practice of
the law, and gave up his whole energies to the stern
business of life.

In this mood it was that he soon afterward engaged
in a criminal case which was agitating the whole

country roundabout. His ability and tireless zeal
had already made him formidable at the bar, and
the excitement of the people knew no bounds when
it was said that Clarence Osgood would appear for
the prisoner.

The charge was murder.

A young man had been arrested on suspicion of
having murdered and then made away with the body
of a chambermaid in his mother's house.

The name of the accused was Harry Sloan.

During the time of the trial, which occupied
several days, Clarence, remaining at the county
town, accepted the hospitality of the prisoner's
aunt, Mr. Laitone, who had asked him to make
her house his home.

The trial was long and hard, and sometimes it
seemed impossible that Mr. Harry Sloan's neck
could escape the halter, which same he indeed
little deserved to escape if all was true that had
been alleged against him.

But Clarence Osgood felt that his reputation as
an advocate depended on the issue of this case,
and he worked at it with dogged perseverance and
devoted energy. Very early he had persuaded him-
self of the innocence of his client; and it soon
became evident that with such extraordinary argu-
mentative powers and vast personal magnetism he
would be able to convince others also that the
prisoner was guiltless.

In the end he was successful. He won the case,
and Harry Sloan was acquitted.

It was a proud triumph for Clarence Osgood. He
felt it to be so, as he straightway acknowledged in
a letter to Mrs. Lincoln, whom he always called
"mother." He spoke also of the brilliant career
his present success had opened before him, and
concluded, with almost bitter mournfulness, that
nothing was wanting to his joy but the presence
and appreciation of the dear little girl lost for
ever.

His letter finished, he bowed his face between his
hands, and his lithe sinewy form shook with an in-
ward tempest. By-and-bye he raised his face. It
was very still and white, and on either cheek a tear
seemed to have frozen.

Belle had been a sweet, gentle, true girl, as well
as most beautiful, and Clarence Osgood had loved
her very dearly. A single sob, one great, gurgling,
gasping sob, that seemed to rend his chest, came
up his throat and broke through his lips; then he
took up his letter to Mrs. Lincoln, folded it and put
it in the envelope.

This letter was written at the law office, which
he temporarily occupied. He had not yet sealed it
when Mr. Harry Sloan came in, equipped for the
two miles' ride that lay between them and his aunt's
house. Mr. Osgood had promised to pass several
days more at Mrs. Laitone's; and Harry and him-
self had engaged to go down together.

Harry Sloan was a handsome, elegant young
man, with just a dash of rakishness that well be-
came him. He entered quite carelessly and easily,
and taking the chair beside Clarence, said:

"Don't allow me to hurry you, Mr. Osgood;
though I confess to a little impatience for the mo-
ment when I shall leave this inhospitable town.
But of course my time is entirely at your disposal."

Clarence bowed without looking up, and then
having sealed his letter, threw it down on the table.
Inadvertently Harry Sloan glanced at the super-
scription, seemingly unconscious that he read—
"Mrs. Harriet Lincoln, Acton," on the back of the
envelope. Then suddenly he struck his spurred
boot with his riding-whip, and looked up at Clar-
ence.

Clarence was just then looking at him.

"I'm very glad, indeed, to see you here, Mr.
Sloan," he said, when their eyes met.

"And I—many thanks to you—am very glad to
be here," young Sloan heartily replied.

"Don't thank me," said Clarence. "I was your
lawyer. It was only my business to gain the case.
If I saved you in doing so, I don't know that I
merit anybody's eternal gratitude for doing my
duty. But come, we will be gone. You look as if

a brisk canter and fresh air might do you good.
You are pale, paler than you were in court. I hope
you are not going to be ill now, at the end of it
all?"

"Not I, indeed," and the young man rose
cheerily, with a light, boyish laugh. "It's being
kept in prison, and on prison fare, no doubt. Bah!
How I hate the thought of the whole disgusting
affair. To the winds with it all; and may I have
another week in the old jail if ever I think of it
again!"

He waved his hand, and seemed to throw some-
thing from it, as though he thus cast away from
him for ever all memory of this painful episode in
his life.

"Come, Mr. Osgood, since you are ready. Aunt
Kate will be waiting us impatiently."

He went first, clattering down stairs with his
heavy riding-boots, striking his spurs against the
steps as he descended.

Then they mounted and set off. It was not easy
to be on terms at all approaching intimacy with
Mr. Clarence Osgood; but before they had ridden
half the distance to Mrs. Laitone's, Harry Sloan



The Ghost-Witness.

had so far progressed in his acquaintance with his
companion, that it seemed as if they had been
chosen friends for years. Even Osgood, stern as
he was, found it difficult to resist the fascination of
Sloan's manner, it was so frank, open, buoyant.

Although he was in reality the same age as
Clarence, any one unacquainted with the fact would
have pronounced him at least ten years younger,
and his musical, ringing voice, his merry, boyish
laugh seemed the fit index to a nature as innocent,
as happy and as simple.

No two men could have been more unlike than
these; yet for some reason they found themselves
mysteriously attracted toward each other.

Clarence was a dark, pale man; his face one
that might have been hewn from marble; lighted
by dark eyes, of no settled color, but gleaming like
diamonds, and like them giving forth light in the
dark. The blackest feather in the wing of a crow
could not be blacker than his hair, which curled
slightly, and was dressed with some care, always
displaying his massive brow and fine temples. And
as I have said, his figure was lithe and sinewy—the
sort of figure that goes with intellect and mental
nervousness.

Now there's much more to be said of Harry
Sloan's figure. It was an embodiment of grace
and elegance; he might have stood for a statue of
the young Adonis. His head was small, set on his
white neck with light, airy, girlish grace, and the
fair, brown, curling hair, negligently falling over
brow and throat, served to heighten that expres-
sion.

His face was beautiful. The brow broad, mod-
erately high, and white as ivory; a faint color in
the cheeks and a rich crimson, like the heart of a
blood-rose, filling the beautiful lips, and contrast-
ing almost too vividly with the white teeth. Clar-
ence didn't know why it was that he scarcely cared
to look long at the mouth, though ever as he looked
away from it he turned again and again to look at
it. It was, in truth, too tantalizing to look at long.
The lips never stopping their ceaseless play pro-
voked any one who wished for one minute to see
the mouth in repose. Whenever it seemed for an
instant about to lapse into quiet, Clarence asked
himself was that a hard cruel line on the upper lip
of which he had caught just the faintest suggestion?
Hardness and cruelty in that nature! Im-
possible!

Then those eyes of Harry Sloan's! What won-
drous eyes they were! They said a great deal if
one could only read it all. But, like the bewilder-
ing mouth, they couldn't rest. Their glance darted
hither, thither, away to that side and back to this,
ever glancing, gleaming, sparkling, laughing and
throwing such an added beauty and brightness
over all his handsome face, that Clarence, looking
at him unconsciously, thought aloud,

"Good God! And it was this man—this boy—
who sat before me in a criminal court, charged
with murder! True, the evidence was strong, very
strong, almost too strong for me to cope with; and
that is the only excuse for arraigning that boy for
such a crime."

Shortly afterward they arrived at Mrs. Laitone's.
Glad his words had not been overheard, Clarence
dismounted, and drawing Harry's arm through his
own, as he would have done that of a younger
brother, they walked up to the front door.

An inexplicable feeling took possession of Clar-
ence. If he had drawn a bar of red hot iron through
his arm it could scarcely have hurt him more than
did the light touch of Harry Sloan. He was inex-
pressibly relieved when the latter, disengaging him-
self, ran up the steps, burst into the hall a little



The Libertine Foiled.

bolterously, and catching his aunt in his arms, exclaimed:

"Rejoice with me, dear aunt. I am free again—free, free, and therefore innocent! Good aunt, congratulate me! Forgive me, too! I'm a little wild with joy—but it is so sweet to be free again—free as the birds. Thank Mr. Osgood, aunt Kate. But for him I should be—Bah! I daren't think it."

Mrs. Laitone kissed her nephew on both cheeks, and drew her arm round his neck, caressingly. Then, extending her other hand to Clarence, she thanked him warmly; and all went into the parlor together.

II.

In the course of conversation chance mention was made that Clarence occupied the room at Mrs. Laitone's, hitherto sacred to her nephew Harry.

Clarence at once declared that Mr. Sloan should have his own room; and asked Mrs. Laitone to give him another. She at last consented.

He retired at an earlier hour than usual—for the day, though triumphant, had been fatiguing. Mrs. Laitone herself conducted him to an apartment in the second story, and wished him good-night.

Clarence set his lamp down on the centre-table, and looked around the room. It was a handsome one; large and lofty, and furnished in an old, quaint style. The chairs, tables, bedstead, etc., were of polished mahogany. There was no carpet on the floor, which was made of some pale, glistening wood; the walls were tapestried; and curtains of purple da nask, heavily trimmed with gold and embroidery, draped the windows.

A large, deep armchair stood near the table, and in it Clarence seated himself that he might the more leisurely look around his quarters for the night.

From a habit contracted in childhood he always examined his sleeping-room in a strange house. Once seated, however, he seemed to find a difficulty on this occasion in putting the old custom in force. Yet his desire was strong to explore the room. He was soon conscious of some magnetic influence which held him almost spellbound to his seat, while a cold, shivering feeling took possession of him and ran along all his nerves like some dim, undefined horror.

Surmounting this feeling he rose, and, taking his lamp, walked closely around the room, examining it as he did so. A large clothes-closet he opened, peered into, and saw a quantity of rich, old-fashioned dresses—silk, satin, brocade and velvet. He touched one and another, shaking them slightly, and they gave out a ghostly rustling as they brushed against each other. He then moved on to the windows, opened the curtains, and, after gazing an instant at the darkness without, let them fall together again.

In crossing toward the bed his feet grew rooted to a certain spot on the floor, about midway in the room.

Scarcely knowing why, he stooped down, placed the lamp on the floor, and curiously examined the place. A cold pain smote his heart. He almost ceased breathing. On the very spot where his foot had stood was a large, dark crimson stain, perfectly round, and over an inch in circumference.

For more than a minute he remained mutely, fixedly gazing on it; then starting up with a groan, and clutching the lamp in his hand, staggered back, and almost fell into the armchair.

He had placed the lamp on the table, but still kept his gaze turned toward that crimson stain on the floor, although gradually his thoughts had wandered away from it, and busied themselves in other ways.

It might have been about an hour afterward that he found himself becoming very drowsy, and making no effort to resist the feeling, quietly gave way to it. What took place within the next five minutes he never could determine—whether he slept and dreamed, or whether he was awake and saw.

He suddenly became aware of some Presence in the room besides himself. It floated chillily through the whole place, and struck against his face cold as ice. Very soon he felt that this mysterious essence was concentrating itself somewhere, and with his gaze still dreamily turned toward the crimson stain on the floor, he saw it there slowly rise up, take form, and shape itself before him.

Heaven be gracious!

Was it, then, indeed so?

His hair stood on end. The blood no longer flowed through his veins, but, as if frozen, stood still, for he recognized in the shape before him Belle Lincoln!

She was dressed in her favorite dress, white—the very dress she had worn on the evening she so mysteriously disappeared. Clarence recognized it on the instant. A simple white muslin, the ample skirt flowing cloudily around her, and confined at the waist by a zone composed of minute links of gold, and which he had himself given her. Her face was turned toward him. She was very pale, and her lustrous hair all unbound floated like sunlight over her shoulders, and rippled in golden waves half way to her feet. There were no apparent marks of violence on her, but an expression of anguish filled her white face, her dry, wild blue eyes and delicate mouth; her lips, once so rosy red, were livid with pain.

She slowly raised her hand. It was thin and shadowy, but still fair and lovely, and on the third finger sparkled her betrothal ring.

Mutely she pointed downward to the spot on the floor; waved her hand in a wide, sweeping circle to the west, and then, hastily raising it to her lips, passionately kissed the glittering ring.

Up to that moment Clarence had watched, silent, motionless, breathless, but at the last act he started to his feet, and with outstretched arms sprang toward her.

"Belle—Belle! My darling—my own!"

But only the vacant air met his passionate embrace.

She was gone.

"Lost again! Belle, love, mistress, wife! Are you indeed lost to me? Gone—and left me nothing! No word, no token!"

Looking downward he saw the crimson stain. His eyes gleamed with fierce pleasure.

"Yes," he muttered, "I have this to guide me. And it shall guide me! Here, Belle, do I again record my solemn vow to discover your murderer, and avenge you. By this I swear it!"

He knelt and kissed the blood mark! It was near daybreak when Clarence was at length sufficiently composed to sleep. He slept soundly, till the morning was far advanced.

In reviewing this strange visitation of the night, the appearance of Belle seemed to him a dream; he could with difficulty persuade himself that he had not been in bed and soundly sleeping at the time he fancied himself seated in the armchair, looking at her.

But dream or reality, the effect was the same. He felt certain that she had died in that house, nay, in that very room; and he remembered his vow. How to accomplish it he knew not, but resolved to leave, in part at least, to circumstances the solution of the mystery. He examined the crimson spot carefully by the bright daylight, and felt convinced that it was a stain of blood. He had not forgotten that the apparition waved its arm to the west; and, after many conjectures as to the meaning of that movement, he decided at last that her body had been concealed in that direction. If so, was there no means of discovering her grave? There must be, and he determined to find it.

He proceeded in all his steps toward this end with his usual caution.

That morning at breakfast he met the family of Mrs. Laitone with his customary friendly ease; and to the inquiries of his hostess he answered that he never had slept more soundly.

Regarding his companions—Mrs. Laitone, her daughter Helen, a handsome, sprightly girl of fifteen, and Harry Sloan, he was not long in coming to the conclusion that none of them were in any way connected with Belle's disappearance.

Mrs. Laitone must have recently come there to live, he thought, and that same day he inquired of Harry, "Who had lived in the house before his aunt, why they had left it, and where they had gone?" But to his astonishment he learned that it was hereditary property, that Mrs. Laitone owned the estate, and had lived there nearly forty years. Amazed as he was at this intelligence, Clarence didn't give up his conviction that his poor lost Belle had breathed away her life in that house.

Mrs. Laitone must have had guests—yes, surely; friends, perhaps relatives, who, without exciting her suspicions, might have committed and concealed dark crimes in her house. Murders had been committed within earshot of others, many a time before, and the victims concealed without suspicion, under less advantages for the concealment of crime than Mrs. Laitone's house afforded. He still waited and watched.

Days passed, and the charm of Harry's manner and conversation seemed to increase. Clarence and he were soon intimate; though, whenever he approached him closely, he felt that same magnetic repulsion he had received when he first took his arm.

One day the two young men had strolled around the Laitone estate, Harry showing the beauties and improvements which his aunt had been adding to her place, when suddenly the whining bark of a dog, prolonged into a howl, attracted their attention. It was a pet dog of Harry's that had followed them which was creating the disturbance.

"Come, Busy! Busy, old fellow, what's the matter?" called out his master.

The dog paid no heed to his voice, but pawing the ground and sniffing it with his nose, continued to bark vociferously, to whine, and then to howl in a dreary, piteous manner.

In vain Harry called him, threatened, coaxed him. He wouldn't stir from the spot.

"What can he have found?" said Clarence, at length going over to him. Harry followed, and striking the dog several times with a riding-whip he always carried out with him, ordered him off.

The poor brute, reluctantly and whining, limped away.

"Poor old Busy! It was too bad to strike him, Hal," and as he spoke Clarence laid his hand on his companion's shoulder.

It fell off, as though it had been violently thrown aside, so strong was the magnetism that repelled him from actual contact with Harry. In the same instant a terrible truth swept startlingly to his heart.

The feeling he experienced in touching young Sloan was precisely the same as that which had stayed his steps when his foot rested on the crimson stain of blood. The suspicion this discovery engendered in his mind was too horrible. He dashed it from him as unworthy to be harbored for one moment against his young friend.

"Come, Harry," he spoke hurriedly, "let us return to the house."

III.

NOTWITHSTANDING his abrupt dismissal of the suspicion which had so shocked him, it returned again and again to the mind of Clarence as he and Harry proceeded homeward.

"At least it can do no harm to test the truth of this horrid fancy."

So thinking, Clarence confided to his companion the sad story of his love and loss. Never before had he made any one his confidant on that subject, and he did so now with pain.

There was a perceptible tremor in his voice and visible agitation in his whole manner.

Harry listened with extreme attention.

When Clarence had ceased he replied with emotion; there were tears, too, in the handsome eyes:

"My dear Clarence, from my soul I sympathize with you. Yours was, indeed, a severe affliction. I never was so in love with a woman, but, on my honor, I know how to feel for you, and I do from my inmost heart."

Warm tears were now coursing down his cheeks. He drew out his handkerchief and tried to wipe them away without exciting the attention of Clarence.

As he drew forth his handkerchief something fell on the ground and sparkled up at Osgood. He stooped with lightning swiftness and picked it up. Sloan did not observe the movement, and presently replaced the handkerchief in his pocket.

"Why, Osgood—my friend, my dear Clarence—this painful reminiscence has been too much for you. I am sorry, proud as I am of your confidence, that you told me of it. How pale you are! Heaven! You are ghastly! Here, lean on me—you are ill."

"No, no, it will be over soon. I'll think no more of it just now."

One minute he looked into the fair, handsome pitying face, regarding him so earnestly, with such kind sympathy and ingenuous tenderness.

"Can it be? My God!" he muttered in a ho'low tone.

"You are worse!" exclaimed Harry, anxiously. "Nay, dear Clarence, do lean on me. I am strong—you don't know how strong I am."

"It's over now. I'm quite well."

He quickened his steps, and they were soon at home.

Arrived there, Clarence excused himself on the plea of urgent business, and departed for the country town.

That evening Mr. Harry Sloan was a second time arrested on a charge of murder.

Mr. Osgood made the charge, accusing him of the forcible abduction and subsequent murder of one Belle Lincoln, who had, years before, mysteriously disappeared from her home in the village of Acton.

Harry bore this second grave charge with the same composure and apparent consciousness of innocence that had characterized his bearing on a previous occasion. Only when Clarence visited him in prison did he exhibit any signs of emotion.

"Osgood—Clarence! You—my friend, that I loved as a brother—you to turn against me—to accuse me of such a crime! But I forgive you, my friend, for it is evident to me that a settled grief for the loss of your betrothed, combined with severe intellectual labor, has affected your mind. Yes, Clarence, I forgive you."

"You're very kind, I'm sure. Do you recognise this ring, Mr. Henry Sloan?"

As he spoke Osgood held up a diamond ring. His face was terrible to look upon.

Before his gaze Harry had neither paled nor trembled, but at sight of the ring he started to his feet, his chains clanking about his ankles, and tried wildly to clutch at the ring with his manacled hands.

Livid passion and pallid terror struggled together in his beautiful face, making it the likeness of a very fiend.

Falling in his effort, he sank down on his pallet and glared wildly at Clarence.

"Well, and what of that ring?" he asked, at last.

"It is the one I put on Belle Lincoln's hand when she promised to marry me. On the inside is engraved, 'To my Wife,' and then 'C. O.'—the initials of my name. That ring you took from her hand after having murdered her."

"How do you prove that?"

"Yesterday I witnessed the disinterment of the dead body from the grave where your unholy hands laid it. Busy led us to the grave again. He has a most keen scent—your dog! Only by the remains of her clothing, and the zone she had worn about her waist was I able to recognise my darling; those, and the purer gold of her glorious unblemished hair."

"I am lost—lost! Oh, Satan! Thou hast forsaken thine own!"

For a moment this fair young criminal seemed overcome—but a moment.

A laugh that might have scared the very demons startled the silence of the cell; and returning the gaze of Clarence with a smile demoniacally cruel and cold, Harry Sloan said:

"It's all up, then, Mr. Osgood. I wouldn't say so, if there was a chance of getting another such clever lawyer as yourself—but there isn't. So far you have only circumstantial evidence, but with you against me, and no one to equal you for me, I should fail. So, here goes. I'll tell you the whole story. It will amuse me, I know, and may entertain you."

No glancing of the eyes now. They looked straight at Clarence with all the terrible depravity of the soul within looking through them. No treacherous, sweet smile, twitching the cherry red lips now. All their native devilish cruelty sat triumphant on the perfect rosy curve of the mouth, as, lips a little apart, he seemed looking back into the past for the facts of his story.

"Ah, yes! I remember. I saw her first—your lovely Belle, in the beginning of that summer. I was down in Acton on business. I met her as I was returning to the village inn one afternoon. I was quite struck with her appearance. She was really a most charming little creature. And beautiful! I never saw anything more exquisite. I resolved that she should be mine."

"Pooh, pooh, man! Control the muscles of that right arm of yours. Yes, I know you were thoughtful enough to come without weapons. It was a wise precaution, my dear Clarence, a very wise precaution."

"I made some inquiries about her—learned her engagement to you, and at once concluded it was useless to go into competition. You

see, I'm not so vain as such a handsome dog might be. Besides, I understand that kind of woman. I saw stratagem was my only chance, and I delayed the matter to a more convenient season. My business at Acton concluded, I returned home.

"Toward the close of summer, as luck would have it, aunt Laitone, at whose house I was on a visit, was called away suddenly on imperative business. She laughingly invited me to remain and keep house for her. I jumped at the proposal. Could anything be more deliciously fortunate? Helen was away at boarding-school— aunt Kate's business likely to detain her several months at a town fifty miles distant—and I, Harry Sloan, master of a lone country house, with only two old servants in it? Well, everything progressed precisely as I could have wished. I possessed the keys of all the rooms, with entire control of them. I selected one for my purpose. It was the tapestried one, on the second story. That's a secure room, Clarence; the door once locked even a shriek can't be heard from within, and the oaken shutters closed it might as well be without windows."

"About a week after my aunt left I ran down to Acton, explaining to the servants that I would be back in a few days. I laugh when I think how easily everything went. The very first evening I spent in Acton I met Belle. It was not twenty yards from her own house, and just in the gloaming. I judged from her wistful air that she was looking for you, and I was right. Trusting to luck, I had left a close carriage a little way off, and now that I saw her my resolve was taken—on the instant my plan was made and put in execution. I flatter myself that my address is not likely to alarm, nor my manner repulsive. I hastened up to Belle and spoke—my tone was hurried and anxious, tender and solicitous, respectful and gentle, too, as I know how to address a lady. 'Miss Lincoln?' I said. 'Yes, I know it must be. One you love—Clarence Osgood—is lying at the point of death. He spends his last breath in calling for you.'

"Heaven be merciful! Oh, sir, take me to him."

She almost fainted and fell staggering against me. I clasped my arm about her, and spoke encouragingly. 'Nerve yourself, then, and come with me.' She clung to my arm, and walked so fast that I was almost breathless in the effort to keep up with her. The ruse was a dreadfully old and threadbare one, it is true; but I trusted to its very simplicity, and the result complimented my judgment. In a few minutes we had reached the carriage, and without meeting a single being. It was a lonely place—at the outskirts of the village—and the dusk favored me. I was wise enough to act as my own coachman too. When she saw the carriage she showed the first faint glimmering of suspicion.

"Where are you taking me?" she demanded. "To one who loves you. Quick! enter—we never will reach him in time at this slow rate."

"Almost before the words were spoken, I had her in the carriage. To gag her and bind her fast was the work of a minute, and even before she had recovered from the shock of surprise. The next instant I was on the box, my hat well slouched over my face, and driving off at a swift rate. It was quite midnight when I reached aunt Kate's. I let myself in with a latchkey, and thought how careless the old servants were, and aunt Kate too, to leave all the Laitone plate so poorly guarded. Belle, I found, had fainted; so I carried her light form up the stairs and into the tape-tried room. I removed the gag from her mouth, and used what restoratives I could lay hands on to recover her from her swoon. When she began to revive I whispered in her ear, 'Don't be alarmed, my darling, I wouldn't hurt you for the world.' I laid her on the bed, not yet sufficiently recovered to comprehend anything, and hurried out, locking the door after me. I returned after I had seen the horses stabled and the house all quiet again. She addressed me with great dignity when I entered.

"Well, sir, what is the meaning of this?"

"My dearest girl, you see before you one who worships you, and determined to possess you at any risk."

"I see before me a liar and a thief—a kidnapper of helpless women."

"Her scorn was magnificent; Venus in anger must have looked like her. I was enraged. I caught up a long, sharp dagger I had placed on the centre table close by. 'I'll kill you!' I hissed out. 'Do, I beseech you!' She came toward me, looking, with her disordered hair, flashing eyes and crimson cheeks, more beautiful than ever. I went toward her, my arms open to embrace her, but she stepped aside and fell on the dagger, which entered her heart. She never uttered a word, but withdrawing the reeking weapon, held it, point downward, for a few moments. Her crimson blood dropped to the floor in a tiny, round pool, and she fell dead at my feet."

Mr. Sloan was right in thinking that Clarence took a wise precaution to bring no weapon with him. Fifty times was the listener tempted during this heartless recital to strike the murderer dead before him, and rob the hangman of his due. But he did not do it. The hope restrained him that this smiling fiend would expiate his crime by an ignominious death on the gallows. But when Sloan had concluded his horrible confession, Clarence felt that he could bear no more. Every finger ached to clutch that fair young throat, and fearing to trust himself any longer, he hurried from the cell. But the gallows was not destined to be graced by Harry. Visiting his cell next morning, the turnkey found him dead—horribly strangled with his own chains. He was a shocking object—stiff, bent, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his beautiful face swollen and livid. So he went his way, whither, who knows?

"Facilis descensus Averni."

AN Irish gentleman at cards, counting the pile, exclaimed, "There's a shilling short; who put it in?"

QUESTIONINGS.

WHAT is it that you bring, oh! lovely spring,
With your sweet scented breath,
And gentle winds, that o'er the meadows
sing,
As though there were no death,
Nor grief, in all the land?

What is it that you bring? A thousand
things
That speak of summer hours.
While from the earth the modest violet
springs,
Bright leaves twine round the bowers
Where roses soon will cling.

But what is that you bring? A roseate glow
Still crowns each parting day,
And sunset's splendor o'er the heart can
throw
A wild, enchanting ray,
Half soothing in its power.

What is that you bring beside yon sky
Arrayed in cheerful blue,
And tiny flowers, and brooks that rattle by,
And leaves of sweetest hue,
And rainbow-tinted shower?

O! gentle spring, what bring'st thou to the
heart?
Mid all these fairest scenes
Why is it that the hidden tears will start
And fill the eye, as dreams
Come, breathing of the past?

Canst thou restore our dead? They coldly lie
Deep down beneath the sod,
Brave souls were they, and did not fear to
die,
Who now are with their God!
Where endless spring-time reigns.

Not Much of a Story.

HE was assistant editor of the *Weekly Promulgator and Excoriator*, and had hurried homeward with unstaying steps to write up an especial article upon an especial subject, which had been entrusted to his handling by the principal editor, with the distinct understanding that it was to be ready at five P. M. precisely, at which hour the dev—boy would call at his room for it, not a moment later, as the paper went to press at seven, and the article, to be written in his happiest style, was essential to the paper for the coming week.

There was no difficulty in the task, for the matter had been thoroughly chewed over, and nothing was wanting but that he should sit down for a couple of hours and perform the manual labor of putting it upon paper.

And so, with the work far more than half done, he stood at the door of his room, poking an obstinate key into a more obstinate lock, and working himself into a perfect perspiration of excitement. The confounded thing would not operate, and there were the minutes speeding away, tumbling one over the other, frightened half to death at the growls and scolds he gave with each ineffectual effort.

"Well, this is a pretty business," he says. "Here have I just two hours to do the whole thing in, and twenty minutes gone already, with this miserable apology for a lock."

And with that he seized the knob as if he had some personal dislike to it, and was determined to shake his vengeance out of it.

"There's something delightful in this idea," he resumed, "of being kept out of one's own room on a cold January day, when they know that a bright fire is blazing away merrily on the other side of a miserable inch and a half of panels. Whew! how the wind blows through this entry. Now why ain't I a locksmith, that I may walk through this miserable impediment?"

With this he gave the door another shake that reverberated through the long hall of the building, and came back through the darkness in rattling echoes. At this moment there came a voice out of the dimness about him, saying:

"Is there anything the matter, sir? Can I help you?"

There was something rather nice in that voice, he thought, something soft and womanly, and much like a voice that may belong to a pretty woman, but the darkness would not allow him to discern distinctly the form of she from whom it came. He therefore answered at random:

"I don't know as you can, miss" (miss was safe anyway, even if the voice belonged to an old woman), "unless you can put me in the way of getting into this room."

There was no answer to this instantly, but when it did come it was in the shape of an inquiry as to what cause kept the gentleman out of his room, and the response that something perverse had fallen upon the lock, and that it would not work under the ministrations of the key.

"How would it do to try another key? Try mine; it may open it."

He thought the idea was a capital one, and so the nice voice passed away with soft steps down the dark entry. He lifted up his head from an examination of that keyhole and looked eagerly out at the dim form as it receded until a gleam of light at the stairs fell upon it, as it opened a door at the farther end of the hall and passed into a room, and then he knew that the voice belonged to one whom he had frequently seen as he passed that half opened door, but had never yet seen her face. One thing, however, he did feel sure of, which was that only a pretty face could belong to such a voice, and

that if it was half as pretty as the voice it must be sweet indeed.

He didn't think long over the matter, for in an instant she was back with the key, and then there came another poking at the lock, and another shaking at the door, and finally a standing still and gazing at each other, for the key wouldn't be coaxed to work.

"It's no use," was what he said; "I can't see what I'm going to do!"

Nor did she seem to know how to prompt him in the difficulty. Was he cold?

No! really he was quite the reverse of cold, for the exercise of the last half hour had made him especially warm; but the grand point was what would the editor of the *Weekly Promulgator and Excoriator* say when he found the article unwritten and the paper printed in the morning without it? Almost three-quarters of an hour of the allotted time was gone, and any attempt to go forth at that moment to find a place to write in, and materials to write with, would be fatal to the balance of the time. She thought it was mighty bad, and then, as though thinking to herself, she said half aloud:

"Why couldn't you write it in my room?" Then speaking louder, but still very hesitatingly, she said: "If you thought you could write in my room?"

It would only have been necessary to have had light enough in that entry, to have seen the expression upon his face at that moment, to have made sure of the fact that he could write it in that room, and that of all places on the earth that was the very spot he would have chosen to write it in. He would listen to no declaration upon her part that her supplies of stationery were not exactly of the kind used by writers for the press, but kept on declaring they were just the very best he could possibly have, though he hadn't yet seen a bit of them.

And so they walked away from that obstinate door that they might find means to avert that greatest of all evils—a disappointment of the public. Away they went from the dark and cold entry, plump, without a moment's notice, into one of the neatest, cosiest and most cheerful little rooms that could be found in a walk through New York, Fifth Avenue included. He couldn't help, in the very first glance, comparing its cleanliness and homelike look to his own terribly dilapidated rooms as they appeared after a daily "elicking up" from the red-handed Bridget, who made it a duty for a certain weekly stipend, and as instantly to turn over in his brain schemes for the reform of his household. He hadn't much time to think, however, for his eyes had other work to do in looking at his new acquaintance.

That matter was settled definitely in a moment. Pretty! Why she was one of the most charming little angels in the world. Young! yes, young, with the most remarkable hair and eyes he had ever seen, both of them of that rich brown that sets a man dreaming about being in love in spite of himself. Then she said:

"Come in, sir, and I will do all I can to help you in your unpleasant annoyance."

He thought there was something childishly sweet in the way she sat about doing this. There she was, the angel that was sent to his rescue, stepping noiselessly about the little room, gathering together the material that was to effect the purpose. He had time enough then to admire the deliciously rounded form and modest manner of the little lady, and to count up that her age must be somewhere about twenty. She was not many moments putting him in writing order, but placing a chair at the table, he seated himself mechanically at her bidding, and in two minutes he had the tools before him. Ha! such pens, the real article; such paper, cream-tinted and water-lined, with Arnold's fluid to be dipped out of one of the most charming little inkstands in the world. He couldn't help gazing in astonished delight at such a paradise of stationery, until she really thought that her little offering was not suitable, and so undertook to apologise for it; but when he began to explain that it was merely a sorrowful thought upon his part that such delicious paper should be used to find its way into the hands of compositors, she only smiled and took up her work, and with an air that seemed to say that she left him entirely undisturbed, seated herself at the window and began making sundry singular movements with her fingers over a piece of linen, which showed to the initiated that she was making a button-hole.

Then for a long time the room was very still, no sound but the ticking of the clock, the scratching of his pen, and the occasional flutter of a sheet as one more was added to the written heap before him. At last he laughed, just a little laugh, and they both looked up, and their eyes met, for which he apologised by explaining that he was laughing at what he had written, in forgetfulness, and remarked that he had a way of reading what he had written aloud, when he was alone, that he might be sure of its sounding right.

At which suggestion she asked why he did not do so then, and after expressing a fear that it might annoy her, and receiving an assurance that she should be rather pleased than otherwise, if there was nothing that was to be kept secret; he did read it aloud, and he soon found that he had so attentive a listener, that it was really worth while to write for her ear alone, and so the pen fairly flew over the paper, and the lost time was being rapidly made up.

Then, in a few minutes more, she quietly laid down her work, and acting much as though she had been accustomed to editorial supervision all her life, she came to the table, and taking up an extra pen, went over the sheets as he threw them off, putting in the words that every writer will sometimes leave out, and making all the corrections so well that the whole matter went on even as the ticking of the clock, until at last, with a good strong sentence that met her unqualified applause, he finished the article just as he heard a step upon

the stairs which he knew from custom to be that of Bob, the dev—boy, who was to come for the copy.

It did not take long to fold up the sheets, and post Bob off with them to the office. When this was done he felt that he had no longer a delayed public to plead for his own delay in the quiet and comfortable rooms of his fair and new-made friend. He felt that he ought to be off, and yet how much he would like to have staid, but there was something upon her face that said to him almost as plain as words—

"Come, now, you have got over your difficulty, your next business is to go after a locksmith and get that door open."

He knew this, and yet he must stay long enough to utter some kind of thanks for the attention she had bestowed upon him, and make some kind of a plea to be allowed to come in another day. Then again, with the shadow of an enraged editor and an indignant public no longer hovering over him, he wanted a chance to have some chat with the little lady, and to look at her better.

There was something about her that struck him strangely as he looked; an odd, gauzy, dreamy memory, as though he might have seen her before. Had he ever seen her before?

No! that could not be, she said in answer, because she had only been two weeks in New York.

This was rather a poser upon the newly awakened memory, but Yankee-like he wanted to know more. Where did she come from? From Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

That gave his heart a great bounce toward his mouth, for Portsmouth was just as easy to him as A. B. C. It was there he had spent some of the happiest years of his life, when, as a boy, after the death of his mother, he was transferred to the home of an old aunt. And then it was in Portsmouth that he had first learned the meaning of love, and first learned what it was to be jilted for one older and better provided with the world's goods, though he had for ever cherished somewhat of her image in his memory.

This was the first thought that flashed across him when he heard that the little lady before him had once been a denizen of Portsmouth, and the desire came uppermost in his mind to ask some questions of his once love, but he could not get them off the tip of his tongue. By way of opening the matter, therefore, he began by saying that he knew Portsmouth well, and so forth. At which the little lady opened wide her eyes and stared mightily. Then he told her that he could not remember her, but there was nothing strange in that, for it was ten years, full, since he had left there, and at that time she must have been very young.

Might he ask her name? Yes, he might, it was Margaret Sherwood.

What an extraordinary start he makes, his eyes fairly sticking out like a lobster's, and then, before she can stir from the spot to which she is rooted, staring at him in such astonishment, he catches her in his arms, and with a kiss that might have been heard all over the building he cries out:

"God bless me! Maggie, don't you know me?"

Know him? How the plague could she know him? Wasn't she so much frightened that if he had not closed her mouth with astonishment and a kiss, she would have screamed a scream that would have brought strangers on the scene. He didn't give her much time to think, but followed it up.

"Bless me! bless me! Why don't you recollect Charlie Avery? Charlie, who used to make you baby tables and chairs. Don't you remember, who once made you a wagon, eh, Maggie?"

Ah, yes, she did remember him, to be sure, it was all there in those brown eyes, blazing out in the happiest way possible. Remember him! Of course she did; and if any one had seen the kiss she gave him for awaking the memory, they would have known that those two had once been the best of friends.

Now then, we think is asked, who is Maggie Sherwood? She certainly was not Charlie Avery's boy love. No, of course not; but she was Nellie Sherwood's sister, and Nellie was Charlie's first love, and it was in this that Charlie had traced the dim vision of something in the past.

And Maggie, how was it that she had sought New York and become a dweller in its waste? Her mother was dead, and the choice of two lives was left—the one to become dependent on her sister, who, though anxious to have Maggie with her, could not feel that her husband would give Maggie so warm a welcome as she could wish; and the other to seek her own subsistence. Maggie would not accept the first, and the second she determined to seek in some other spot than her native town. She sought it in New York, why, only herself who knew her inward strength could tell. The needle and a sewing machine were the mediums, and modesty and industry the capital on which she had worked during her short experience.

It was a happy hour then, while everything was being asked and answered about Portsmouth and about Nellie Sherwood, and about everybody and everything, and then Maggie, just the same as though she had been doing the thing every day for the last ten years, went to work to make tea for Charlie and herself. It was perfectly delightful for him, as he sat in the corner of that lounge and watched the charming little body go about it. It seemed so homelike to see her get out the bread-board, make the biscuit with her own little white hands and put them to bake, and then draw the tea in that sweet little china pot and spread the snowy cloth. It was a delightful meal; such a one as Charlie had not known for many a long year.

Between the talk and the tea Charlie came very near losing his chance for a place to sleep in that night, for it was not until Maggie had reminded him of the way the hours were flying, and the necessity of seeking a locksmith before nightfall, that he brought one to achieve the job.

It was soon done; and the old man picked away a bit of paper that was the cause of the trouble. It had no doubt been put in the keyhole, and

Charlie in his haste had pushed it far into the lock. When it was smoothed out, it was found to be a note, and said:

"MY DEAR CHARLIE—The place is yours, my boy. It was settled this afternoon. You are good for three years anyway, at \$2,000 a-year. Come over as soon as you get this and sign the papers. Yours, WILSON."

Now Charlie was excusable if he performed on the instant a small extempore dance and kissed once again, without permission, little Maggie, who was holding the lamp for the locksmith, right before that excellent and skilful mechanic, who fortunately was an old man, and so deaf that he did not see it.

After this they went together into Charlie's room, and there everything did look shockingly, so much so that Maggie could not help saying several times over, "Oh, dear!" and "What a pity!" until at last, Charlie, fully awake to the wretchedness of his condition, just quietly slipped his arm round her pretty waist, and besought her so quietly, so powerfully to take his wretchedness under her protection, that for very humanity's sake she could not refuse.

Ad so the very next day they were married, with, fortunately, no relations to be shocked at the terrible impropriety and no friends to send cards to. So, after all, that is "Not Much of a Story."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

EVERY mechanic, actor, dancer and singer is now called an "artist" or "artiste." A colored boot-black up-town does up the *distinguee* for his name and business in the following style, which is a verbatim copy of his card: "Mons. G. Washington Jones, Polish Artiste."

A WITTY editor of a penny paper took for his motto—"The price of liberty is eternal vigilance; that of the Star only one cent."

GRAMMARIANS give it as a reason why a blow leaves a blue mark, that blow, in the past tense, is blow.

THE celebrated surgeon, Dr. Abernethy, used occasionally to pass a joke on the medical profession. Happening to get a fall when walking in the Strand, he felt sprained and stiff on rising. A gentleman passing, who assisted in helping him up, said to him:

"Shall I call a doctor, sir?"
"For heaven's sake do not," replied Abernethy; "but be so kind as to call a hackney-coach."

THAT wag Saxe thus epigrammatizes an "Old Joe":

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean—
"What reason can be given,
Sir, marriage is a holy thing,
That there are none in Heaven?"
"There are no women," he replied.
She quick returns the jest,
"Women there are, but I'm afraid
They cannot find a priest."

NOTICE OF MOTION.—The railway whistle.

VARIOUS TYPES.—The Type of a Citizen—

Bourgeois.
The Type of a Schoolmaster—Primer.
The Type of a B. by—Small Caps.
The Type of a Jeweller—Agate.
The Type of a Barber—Hair-Line.
The Type of a Soldier—Cannon.

In the memorial of the Montgomerys, Earls of Eglinton, vol. i., page 134, occurs an anecdote of an idiot, illustrative of the peculiar acuteness and quaint humor which occasionally mark the sayings of the class. There was a certain Daft Will Speir, who was a privileged hunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds; he was discovered by the Earl one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The Earl called out,

"Come back, sir; that's not the road!"
"Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?"
"No," replied his lordship.
"Well, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?"

THE following recently appeared in a country newspaper: "Wanted, by a young lady, aged 19, of pleasing countenance, good figure, agreeable manners, general information and various accomplishments, who has studied everything, from the creation to crochet, a situation in the family of a gentleman. She will take the head of his table, manage his household, scold his servants, nurse his babies, check his tradesmen's bills, accompany him to the theatre, or in walking or riding, cut the leaves of his new books, sew on his buttons, warm his slippers, and generally make his miserable life happy. Apply, in the first instance, by letter, to 'Louisa Caroline, Pleasant Grove,' and afterwards to papa, upon the Premises. N.B.—The wedding finger is No. 4 (small)."

A TURK asked an American to lend him a rope.

"I am using it," said the American, "to tie up flour."

"How can you tie up flour with a rope?"

"I can apply a rope to any use when I do not wish to lend it."

It is easy to find an excuse for not doing a good deed when we have no heart to do it.

"A WOMAN is always at the bottom of trouble." You remember the story of the Shah of Persia. When he was told that a workman had fallen from a ladder, he called out:

"Who is she? who is she?"

"Please your majesty, 'tis a he."

"Nonsense!" said the Shah. "There's never an accident without a woman; who is she?"

The Shah was right; the man had fallen from his ladder because he was looking at a woman in a window. Many a man does that in other countries besides Persia.

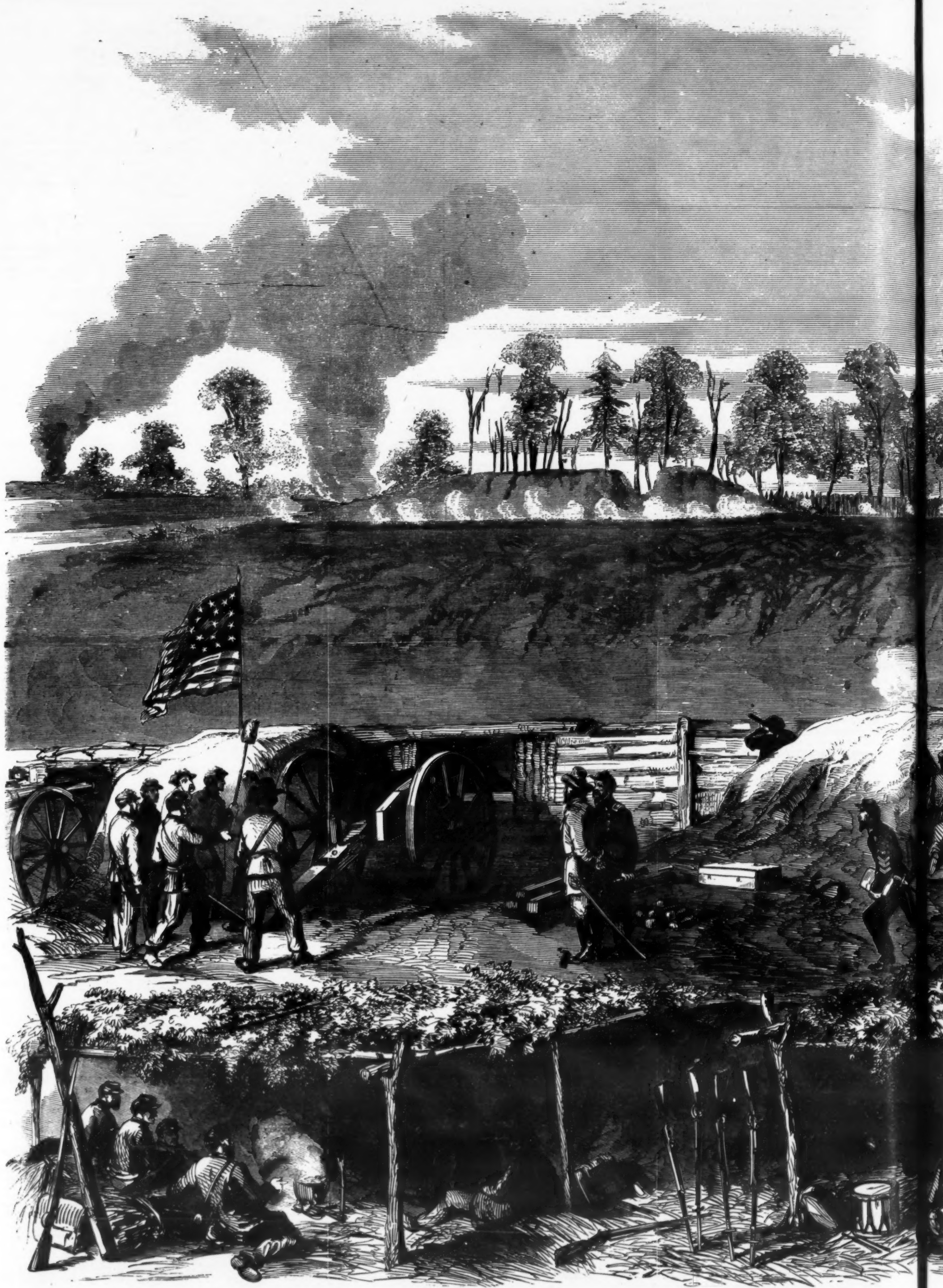
As a public speaker, it is well-known that Horace Greeley's attractions are rather personal than oratorical.

"Is it best to go and hear him?" asked a gentleman of his neighbor.

"Yes, go by all means," was the response; "it is worth a quarter to see the man, and a dollar to hear him—but then Greeley ought to pay you the dollar."

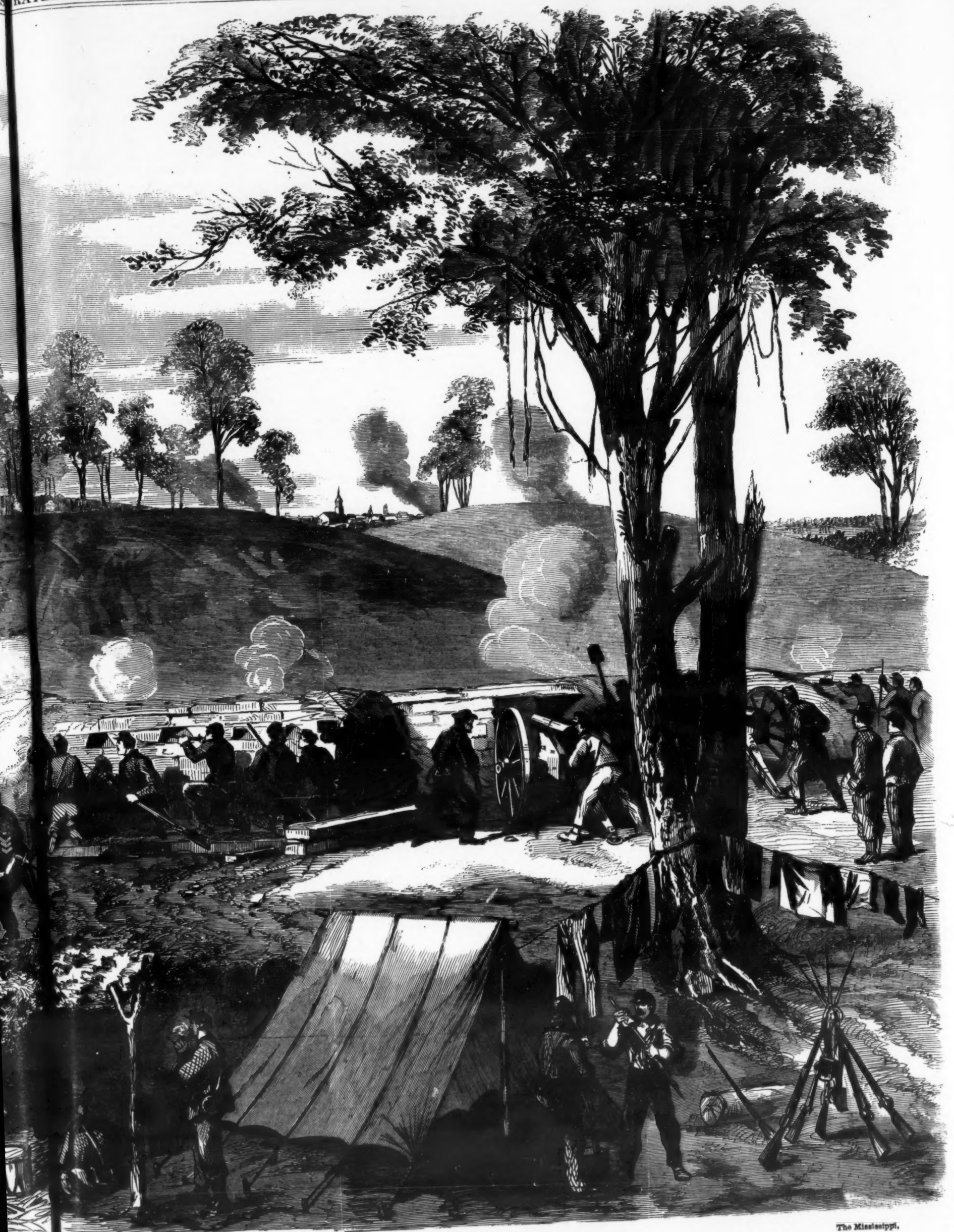
TYING a mackerel to your coat-tail and imagining yourself a whale, is one of the first lessons in codfish aristocracy.

POPULAR HITS IN PHOTOGRAPHY.—Some of the cleverest hits at the leading characters of the times have been just issued by the enterprising photographers, E. and H. T. Anthony. They are full of spirit, exceedingly humorous and very artistic. Among the characters hit off, are "The Blue Bird of New Orleans," "The Reliable Gentleman," "The Intelligent Contraband," "The Happy Governor of Massachusetts," "The British Lion on and off the Rampage," "Fighting Joe," etc., etc. They are admirably adapted to lighten up the contents of an album. The Anthonys have also published a very spirited picture of Gen. Kearny leading a charge, which should be found in the album of every American lady.



Road from Vicksburg to Haines' Bluff.

SIEGE OF VICKSBURG—SHERMAN'S ATTACK ON THE RED RIVER



The Mississippi.

Vicksburg.

THE BAY 22.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.

THERE'S NOTHING LOST.

There's nothing lost. The tiniest flower
That grows within the darkest vale,
Though lost to view, has still the power
The rarest perfume to exhale;
That perfume, borne on zephyr's wings,
May visit some lone sick one's bed,
And like the balm affection brings,
'Twill scatter gladness round her head.

There's nothing lost. The drop of dew
That trembles in the rosebud's breast
Will seek its home of ether blue,
And fall again as pure and blest,
Perchance to revel in the spray,
Or moisten the dry, parched sod,
Or mingle in the fountain spray,
Or sparkle in the brow of God.

There's nothing lost. The seed that's cast
By careless hands upon the ground
Will yet take root, and may at last
A green and glorious tree be found;
Beneath its shade some pilgrim may
Seek shelter from the heat at noon,
While in its boughs the breezes play,
And song-birds sing their sweetest tune.

There's nothing lost. The slightest tone
Or whisper from a loved one's voice,
May melt a heart of hardest stone,
And make the saddest heart rejoice.
And then, again, the careless word
Our thoughtless lips too often speak,
May touch a heart already stirred,
And cause that troubled heart to break.

There's nothing lost. The faintest strain
Of breathing from some dear one's lute,
In memory's dream may come again,
Though every mournful string be mute.
The music of some happier hour—
The harp that swells with love's own words,
May sway the soul with deeper power,
When still the hand that swept its chords.

ELEANOR'S VICTORY.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "AURORA FLOYD," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LADY LISLE," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—RESOLVED.

LAUNCELOT DARRELL had not sailed for Calcutta in the Princess Alice. This point once established, it was utterly vain for Richard Thornton to argue against that sudden conviction, that indomitable belief which had taken possession of Eleanor Vane's mind respecting the identity between the man who had won her father's money at écarté and Mrs. Darrell's only son.

"I tell you, Richard," she said, when the scene-painter argued with her, "that nothing but proof positive of Launcelot Darrell's absence in India at the date of my father's death would have dispossessed me of the idea that flashed upon me on the day I left Berkshire. He was not in India at that time. He deceived his mother and his friends. He remained in Europe, and led, no doubt, an idle, dissipated life. He must have lived by his wits, for he had no money from his mother—no one to help him, no profession to support him. What is more likely than that he went to Paris—the paradise of scoundrels, I have heard you say, Richard—under an assumed name? What more likely? Why, he was there! The man I saw on the Boulevard and the man I saw in the Windsor street are one and the same. You cannot argue me out of that settled idea, Richard Thornton, for it is the truth. It is the truth, and it shall be the business of my life to prove that it is so."

"And what then, Eleanor?" Mr. Thornton asked gravely. "Supposing you can prove this by such evidences as will be very difficult to get at, by such an investigation as will waste your life, blight your girlhood, warp your nature, unsex your mind, and transform you from a candid and confiding woman into an amateur detective? Suppose you do all this—and you little guess, my dear, the humiliating falsehoods, the pitiful deceptions, the studied base-nesses you must practise if you are to tread that sinuous pathway—what then? What good is effected—what end is gained? Are you any nearer to the accomplishment of the vow you uttered in the Rue l'Archevêque?"

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"I mean that to prove this man's guilt is not to avenge your father's death. Neither you nor the law have any power to punish him. He may or may not have cheated your poor father. At this distance of time you can prove nothing against him, except that he played écarté in the private room of a café, and that he won all your father's money. He would only laugh in your face, my poor Nelly, if you were to bring such a charge as this against him."

"If I can once prove that which I now believe as firmly as if every mortal had demonstrated its truth, I know how to punish Launcelot Darrell," replied the girl.

"You know how to punish him?"

"Yes. His uncle—that is to say his great uncle—Maurice de Crespigny, was my father's firmest friend. I need not tell you that story, Dick, for you have heard it often enough from my poor father's own lips. Launcelot Darrell expects to inherit the old man's money, and will do so if Mr. de Crespigny dies without making a will. But if I could prove to the old man that my father died a melancholy and untimely death through his

nephew's treachery, Launcelot Darrell would never inherit a sixpence of that money. I know how eagerly he looks forward to it, though he affects indifference."

"And you would do this, Eleanor?" asked Richard, staring aghast at his companion; "you would betray the secrets of this young man's youth to his uncle, and compass his ruin by that revelation?"

"I would do what I swore to do in the Rue l'Archevêque. I would avenge my father's death. The last words my poor father ever wrote appealed to me to do that. I have never forgotten those words. There may have been a deeper treachery in that night's work than you or I know of, Richard. Launcelot Darrell knew who my father was—he knew of the friendship between him and Mr. de Crespigny. How do we know that he did not try to goad the poor old man to that last act of his despair; how do we know that he did not plan those losses at cards, in order to remove his uncle's friend from his pathway? Oh, God! Richard, if I thought that—"

The girl rose from her chair in a sudden tumult of passion, with her hands clenched and her eyes flashing.

"If I could think that his treachery went beyond the baseness of cheating my father of his money for the money's sake, I would take his life for that dear life as freely and as unhesitatingly as I lift my hand up now."

She raised her clenched hands towards the ceiling as she spoke, as if to register some unuttered vow. Then, turning abruptly to the scene-painter, she said, almost imploringly:

"It can't be, Richard—he cannot have been so base as that. He held my hand in his only a few days ago. I would cut off that hand if I could think that Launcelot Darrell had planned my father's death."

"But you cannot think it, my dear Eleanor," Richard answered, earnestly. "How should the young man know that your father would take his loss so deeply to heart? We none of us calculate the consequences of our sins, my dear. If this man cheated, he cheated because he wanted money. For Heaven's sake, Nelly, leave him and his sin in the hands of Providence. The future is not a blank sheet of paper, Nelly, for us to write any story we please upon; but a wonderful chart mapped out by a divine and unerring hand. Launcelot Darrell will not go unpunished, Nelly. 'My faith is strong in Time,' as the poet says. Leave the young man to Time—and to Providence."

Eleanor Vane shook her head, smiling bitterly at her friend's philosophy. Poor mad Constance's reply always rose, in some shape or other, to the girl's lips in answer to Richard's arguments. The Cardinal reasons with wonderful discretion, but the bereaved mother utters one sentence that is more powerful than all the worthy man's prim moralities.

"He talks to me that never had a son!"

"It is no use preaching to me," Miss Vane said. "If your father had died by this man's treachery you would not feel so charitably disposed towards him. I will keep the promise made three years ago. I will prove Launcelot Darrell's guilt; and that guilt shall stand between him and Maurice de Crespigny's fortune."

"You forget one point in this business, Eleanor."

"What point?"

"It may take you a very long time to obtain the proof you want. Mr. de Crespigny is an old man and an invalid. He may die before you are in a position to denounce his nephew's treachery to your poor father."

Eleanor was silent for a few moments. Her arched brows contracted, and her mouth grew compressed and rigid.

"I must go back to Hazlewood, Dick," she said, slowly. "Yes, you are right; there is no time to be lost. I must go back to Hazlewood."

"That is not very practicable, is it, Nell?"

"I must go back. If I go in some disguise—if I go and hide myself in the village and watch Launcelot Darrell when he least thinks he is observed. I don't care how I go, Richard, but I must be there. It can only be in the discoveries I make in the present that I shall be able to trace my way back to the history of the past. I must go there."

"And begin at once upon the business of a detective? Eleanor, you shall not do this, if I can prevent you."

Richard Thornton's unavowed love gave him a certain degree of authority over the impulsive girl. There is always a dignity and power in every feeling that is really true. Throughout the story of Notre Dame de Paris, the hunchback's love for Esmeralda is never once contemptible. It is only Phœbus, handsome, glittering, false and hollow, who provokes our scorn.

Eleanor Vane did not rebel against the young man's tone of authority.

"Oh, Dick, Dick," she cried, piteously, "I know how wicked I am. I have been nothing but a trouble to you and the dear signora. But I cannot forget my father's death. I cannot forget the letter he wrote to me. I must be true to the vow I made then, Richard, if I sacrifice my life in keeping my word."

Eliza Piccirillo came in before the scene-painter could reply to this speech. It had been agreed between the two young people that the signora should know nothing of Miss Vane's discoveries; so Eleanor and Richard saluted the music-mistress in that strain of facetious gaiety generally adopted under such circumstances.

Signora Piccirillo's perceptions were perhaps a little blunted by the wear and tear of half-a-dozen hours' labor amongst her cut-door pupils, and as Eleanor bustled about the room preparing the tea-table and making the tea, the good music-mistress fully believed in her protégée's simulated liveliness. When the table had been cleared, and Richard had gone to smoke his short meerschaum amongst the damp straw and invalid cabs in the promenade be-

fore the Pilasters, Eleanor seated herself at the piano and practised. Her fingers flew over the keys in a thousand complexities of harmony, but her mind, for ever true to one idea, brooded upon the dark scheme of vengeance which she had planned for herself.

"Come what may," she thought, again and again, "at any price I must go back to Hazlewood."

CHAPTER XXIV.—THE ONE CHANCE.

ELEANOR VANE lay awake through the greater part of the night which succeeded her interview with the shipbroker. She lay awake, trying to fashion for herself some scheme by which she might go back to Hazlewood. The discovery which she had to make, the proof positive that she wanted to obtain of Launcelot Darrell's guilt, could only be procured by long and patient watchfulness of the young man himself. The evidence that was to condemn him must come from his own lips. Some chance admission, some accidental word, might afford a clue that would guide her back to the secret of the past. But to obtain this clue she must be in intimate association with the man whom she suspected. In the careless confidence of daily life, in the freedom of social intercourse, a hundred chances might occur which could never be brought about while the gates of Hazlewood were closed upon her.

There was one other chance, it was true. Launcelot Darrell had asked her to become his wife. His love, however feeble to withstand the wear and tear of time, must for the moment, at least, be real. A line from her would no doubt bring him to her side. She could lure him on by affecting to return his affection, and in the entire confidence of such an association she might discover.

No! not for the wide world—not even to be true to her dead father—could she be so false to every sentiment of womanly honor.

"Richard was right," she thought, as she dismissed this idea with a humiliating sense of her own baseness in having even for one brief moment entertained it. "He was right. What shame and degradation I must wade through before I can keep my promise."

And to keep her promise she must go back to Hazlewood. This was the point to which she always returned. But was it possible for her to regain her old position in Mrs. Darrell's house? Would not Mrs. Darrell take care to keep her away, having once succeeded in banishing her from Launcelot's society?

Miss Vane was not a good schemer. Transparent, ingenuous and impulsive, she had the will and the courage which would have prompted her to denounce Launcelot Darrell as a traitor and a cheat; but not the slow and patient attributes which are necessary for the watcher who hopes to trace a shameful secret through all the dark intricacies of the hidden pathway that leads to it.

It was long after daylight when the young lady fell asleep, worn out, harassed and baffled. The night had brought no counsel. Eleanor Vane had dropped off into a fitful slumber, with a passionate prayer upon her lips—a prayer that Providence would set her in the way of bringing vengeance upon her father's destroyer.

She flung herself upon Providence—after the manner of a great many persons—when she found her own intellect powerless to conduct her to the end she wanted to gain.

Throughout the next day Miss Vane sat alone on the chintz-covered sofa by the window, looking down at the children playing hop-scotch and gambling for marbles upon the rugged flags below; "weary of the rolling hours," and unable to bring herself to the frame of mind necessary for the ordinary purposes of life. Upon any other occasion she would have tried to do something whereby she might lighten the signora's burden, being quite competent to take the pupils off her friend's hands; but to-day she had suffered Eliza Piccirillo to trudge out under the broiling August sky, through the stifling London streets, and had made no attempt to lessen her labors. She seemed even incapable of performing the little domestic offices which she had been in the habit of doing. She let the London dust accumulate upon the piano; she left the breakfast-table scattered with the debris of the morning's meal; she made no effort to collect the stray sheets of music, the open books, the scraps of needlework that littered the room; but with her elbow on the smoky sill of the window, and her head resting on her hand, she sat, looking wearily out, with eyes that saw nothing but vacancy.

Richard had gone out early, and neither he nor his aunt were expected to return till dusk.

"I can have everything ready for them when they come back," she thought, looking listlessly at the unwashed tea-things, which seemed to stare at her in mute reproachfulness; and then her eyes wandered back to the sunny window, and her mind returned with a cruel constancy to the one idea that occupied it.

Had she been really looking at the objects on which her eyes seemed to be fixed, she must have been surprised by the advent of a tall and rather distinguished-looking stranger, who made his way along the straw-littered promenade between the colonnade and the stables, erasing the chalk plans of the hop-scotch players with the soles of his boots, and rendering himself otherwise objectionable to the juvenile population.

This stranger came straight to the shop of the shoemaker with whom Signora Piccirillo lodged, and inquired for Miss Vincent.

The shoemaker had only heard Eleanor's assumed name a day or two before, when Laura's letter had arrived at the Pilasters. He had a vague idea that the beautiful, golden-haired young woman, who had first entered his dwelling in the early freshness of budding girlhood, was going to distinguish herself as a great musical genius, and intended to astonish the professional world under a false name.

"It's Miss Eleanor you want, I suppose, sir?" the man said, in answer to the stranger's question

"Miss Eleanor—yes."

"Then, if you'll please to step upstairs, sir. The young lady's all alone to-day, for Mr. Richard he's over the water a scene-painter's away for dear life, and the signora she's out givin' lessons; so poor young miss is alone, and dismal enough she must be, cooped up in-doors this fine weather. It's bad enough when one's obliged to it, you know, sir," the man added, rather obscurely. "Will you please to walk up, sir? It's the door facing you at the top of the stairs."

The shoemaker opened a half-glass door communicating with a tiny back parlor and a steep staircase that twisted corkscrew-wise up to the first floor. The visitor waited for no further invitation, but ascended the stairs in a few strides, and paused for a moment before the door of Signora Piccirillo's sitting-room.

"He's one of these here London managers, I deessay," thought the simple cordwainer, as he went back to his work. "Mr. Cromsahy come here one day after Mr. Richard, in a phœton and pair, and no end of diamond rings and breastpins."

Eleanor Vane had not noticed the stranger's footsteps on the uncarpeted stair, but she started when the door opened, and looked round. Her unexpected visitor was Mr. Monckton.

She rose in confusion, and stood with her back to the window, looking at the lawyer. She was too much absorbed by her one idea to be troubled by the untidiness of the shabby chamber, by the disorder of her own hair or dress, or by any of those external circumstances which are generally so embarrassing to a woman. She only thought of Gilbert Monckton as a link between herself and Hazlewood. She did not even wonder why he had come to see her.

"I may find out something; I may learn something from him," she thought. Against the great purpose of her life, even this man, who of all others she most respected and esteemed, sank into utter insignificance. She never cared to consider what he might think. She only regarded him as an instrument which might happen to be of use to her.

"You are very much surprised to see me, Miss Vincent," the lawyer said, holding out his hand.

The girl put her hand loosely in his, and Gilbert Monckton started as he felt the feverish heat of the slim fingers that touched his so lightly. He looked into Eleanor's face. The intense excitement of the last three days had left its traces on her countenance.

Mrs. Darrell had made a confidant of the lawyer. It had been absolutely necessary to explain Eleanor's absence. Mrs. Darrell had given her own version of the business, telling the truth, with sundry reservations. Miss Vincent was a handsome and agreeable girl, she said; it was of vital consequence to Launcelot that he should not form any attachment, or entertain any passing fancy that might militate against his future prospects. An imprudent marriage had separated her, Mrs. Darrell, from her uncle, Maurice de Crespigny. An imprudent marriage might ruin the young man's chance of inheriting the Woodlands estate. Under these circumstances it was advisable that Miss Vincent should leave Hazlewood; and the young lady had very generously resigned her situation, upon the matter being put before her in a proper light.

Mrs. Darrell took very good care not to make any allusion to that declaration of love which she had overheard through the half-open door of her son's painting-room.

Mr. Monckton had expressed no little vexation at the sudden departure of his ward's companion; but his annoyance was of course felt solely on account of Miss Mason, who told him, with her eyes streaming and her voice broken by sobs, that she could never, never be happy without her darling Eleanor.

The lawyer said very little in reply to these lamentations, but took care to get Miss Vincent's address from his ward, and on the day after his visit to Hazlewood went straight from his office to the Pilasters.

Looking at the change in Eleanor Vane's face, Mr. Monckton began to wonder very seriously if the departure from Hazlewood had been a matter of great grief to her; and whether it might not be that Mrs. Darrell's alarms about her son's possible admiration for the penniless companion were founded on stronger grounds than the widow had cared to reveal to him.

"I was afraid that Laura's frivolous fancy might be caught by this young fellow," he thought, "but I could never have believed that this girl, who has ten times Laura's intellect, would fall in love with Launcelot Darrell."

He thought this, while Eleanor's feverish hand lay, loose and passive, in his own.

"It was not quite kind of you to leave Hazlewood without seeing me, or consulting me, Miss Vincent," he said. "You must remember that I confided to you a trust."

"A trust!"

"Yes. You promised that you would look after my foolish young ward, and take care that she did not fall in love with Mr. Darrell."

Mr. Monckton watched the girl's face very closely while he pronounced Launcelot Darrell's name, but there was no revelation in the pale and wearied countenance. The gray eyes returned his gaze frankly and unhesitatingly. Their brightness was faded, but their innocent candor remained in all its virginal beauty.

"I tried to do what you wished," Miss Vane answered. "I am afraid that Laura does admire Mr. Darrell. But I can't quite understand whether she is serious or not, and in any case nothing I could say would influence her much, though I know she loves me."

"No, I suppose not," said Mr. Monckton, rather bitterly, "women are not easily to be influenced in these matters. A woman's love is the sublimation of selfishness, Miss Vincent. It is delightful to a woman to throw herself away; and she is perfectly

indifferent as to how many unoffending victims she drags to destruction in her downfall. An Indian woman sacrifices herself out of respect to her dead husband; an English woman offers up her husband and children on the altar of a living lover. Pardon me if I speak too plainly. We lawyers become acquainted with strange stories. I should not at all wonder if my ward were to insist upon making herself miserable for life because Launcelot Darrell has a Grecian nose."

Mr. Monckton seated himself, uninvited, by the table on which the unwashed teacups bore testimonies to Eleanor's neglect. He looked round the room, not rudely, for in one brief observant glance he was able to see everything, and to understand everything.

"Have you ever lived here, Miss Vincent?" he asked.

"Yes, I lived here a year and a half before I went to Hazlewood. I was very happy," Eleanor added hastily, as if in deprecation of the lawyer's look, which betrayed a half-compassionate interest. "My friends are very good to me, and I never wish for a better home."

"But you have been accustomed to a better home in your childhood?"

"No, not very much better. I always lived in lodgings with my poor father."

"Your father was not rich, then?"

"No, not at all rich."

"He was a professional man, I suppose?"

"No, he had no profession. He had been rich—very rich—once."

The color rose to Eleanor's face as she spoke, for she suddenly recollected that she had a secret to keep. The lawyer might recognise George Vane by this description she thought.

Gilbert Monckton fancied that sudden blush arose from wounded pride.

"Forgive me for asking you so many questions, Miss Vincent," he said gently. "I am very much interested in you. I have been very much interested in you for a long time."

He was silent for some minutes. Eleanor had resumed her seat near the window, and sat in a thoughtful attitude, with her eyes cast upon the ground. She was wondering how she was to make good use of this interview in discovering as much as possible of Launcelot Darrell's antecedents.

"Will you forgive me if I ask you a few more questions, Miss Vincent?" the lawyer asked, after this brief silence.

Eleanor raised her eyes and looked him full in the face. That bright, straight, unflinching gaze was perhaps the greatest charm which Miss Vane possessed. She had no reason to complain that Nature had gifted her with a niggardly hand; she had beauty of feature, of outline, of color; but this exquisitely candid expression was a rarer beauty and a higher gift.

"Believe me," said Mr. Monckton, "that I am actuated by no unworthy motive when I ask you to deal frankly with me. You will understand, by-and-by, why and by what right I presume to question you. In the meantime I ask you to confide in me. You left Hazlewood at Mrs. Darrell's wish, did you not?"

"Yes, it was at her wish that I left."

"Her son had made you an offer of his hand?"

The question would have brought a blush to the face of an ordinary girl. But Eleanor Vane was removed from ordinary women by the exceptional story of her life. From the moment of her discovery of Launcelot Darrell's identity, all thoughts of him as a lover or an admirer had been blotted out of her mind. He was removed from other men by the circumstances of his guilt, as she was set apart from other women by the revengeful purpose in her breast.

"Yes," she said; "Mr. Darrell asked me to be his wife."

"And did you—did you refuse him?"

"No; I gave him no answer."

"You did not love him, then?"

"Love him! Oh, no, no!"

Her eyes dilated with a look of surprise as she spoke, as if it was most astounding to her that Gilbert Monckton should ask her such a question.

"Perhaps you do not think Launcelot Darrell worthy of a good woman's love?"

"I do not," answered Eleanor. "Don't talk of him, please. At least, I mean, don't talk of him and of—love," she added hastily, remembering that the very thing she wished was that the lawyer should talk of Launcelot Darrell. "You—you must know a great deal of his youth. He was idle, and dissipated, was he not, and—and—a card-player?"

"A card-player?"

"Yes; a gambler—a man who plays cards for the sake of winning money."

"I never heard any one say so. He was idle, no doubt, and loitered away his time in London under the pretence of studying art; but I never remember hearing that gambling was one of his vices. However, I don't come here to speak of him, but of you. What are you going to do, now that you have left Hazlewood?"

Eleanor was cruelly embarrassed by this question. Her most earnest wish was to return to Hazlewood, or at least to the neighborhood. Absorbed by this wish, she had formed no scheme for the future. She had not even remembered that she stood alone in the world, with only a few pounds saved from her slender salary, unprovided with that which is the most necessary of all weapons in any warfare—money.

"I—I scarcely know what I shall do," she said.

"Mrs. Darrell promised to procure me a situation."

But as she spoke she remembered that to accept a situation of Mrs. Darrell's getting would be in some manner to eat bread provided by the kinswoman of her father's foe, and she made a mental vow to starve rather than to receive the widow's patronage.

"I do not put much confidence in Mrs. Darrell's friendship when her own end is gained," Gilbert

Monckton said thoughtfully. "Ellen Darrell is only capable of loving one person, and that person is, according to the fashion of the world, the one who has used her worst. She loves her son Launcelot, and would sacrifice a hecatomb of her fellow-creatures for his advantage. If she can get you a new home I dare say she will do so. If she cannot, she has succeeded in removing you from her son's pathway, and will trouble herself very little about your future."

Eleanor Vane lifted her head with a sudden gesture of pride.

"I do not want Mrs. Darrell's help," she said.

"But you would not refuse the counsel or even the help of any one you liked, would you, Eleanor?" returned the lawyer. "You are very young, very inexperienced. The life at Hazlewood suited you, and it might have gone on for years without danger of unhappiness or disquiet but for the coming of Launcelot Darrell. I have known you for a year and a half, Miss Vincent, and I have watched you very closely. I think I know you very well. Yes, if a lawyer's powers of penetration and habit of observation are to go for anything, I must know you by this time. I may have been an egregious fool twenty years ago, but I must be wise enough now to understand a girl of eighteen."

He said this rather as if reasoning with himself than talking to Eleanor. Miss Vane looked at him, wondering what all this talk would lead to, and what motive, under heaven, could have induced a lawyer of high standing to leave his chambers in the middle of the business day, for the purpose of sitting in a shabby lodging-house chamber, with his elbow resting upon a dirty tablecloth, amid the confusion of unwashed breakfast cups and saucers.

"Eleanor Vincent," Mr. Monckton said by-and-by, after a very long pause, "country people are most intolerable gossipers. You cannot have lived at Hazlewood for a year and a half without having heard something of my history."

"Your history?"

"Yes; you heard that there was some secret trouble in the early part of my life—that there were some unpleasant circumstances connected with my purchase of Tollidale."

Eleanor Vane was utterly unskilled in the art of prevarication. She could not give an evasive reply to a straight question.

"Yes," she said, "I have heard people say that."

"And you have no doubt heard them say that my trouble—like every other trouble upon this earth, as it seems to me—was caused by a woman."

"Yes, I heard that."

"I was very young when that sorrow came to me, Eleanor Vincent, and very ready to believe in a beautiful face. I was deceived. My story is all told in those three words, and it is a very old story after all. Great tragedies and epic poems have been written upon the same theme until it has become so hackneyed that I have no need to enlarge upon it. I was deceived, Miss Vincent, and for twenty years I have profited by that bitter lesson. Heaven help me if I feel inclined to forget it now. I am forty years of age, but I do not think that the brightness of my life has quite gone yet. Twenty years ago I was in love, and in the ardor and freshness of my youth, I dare say I talked a great deal of nonsense. I am in love once more, Eleanor. Will you forgive me if all my faculty for sentimental talk is lost? Will you let me tell you, in a very few simple words, that I love you—that I have loved you for a very long time—and that you will make me unspeakably happy if you can think my earnest devotion worthy of some return?"

Every vestige of color faded slowly from Eleanor's face. There had been a time, before the return of Launcelot Darrell, when a word of praise, an expression of friendliness or regard from Gilbert Monckton had been very precious to her. She had never taken the trouble to analyse her feelings. That time, before the coming of the young man, had been the sunniest and most careless period of her youth. She had during that period been false to the memory of her father—she had suffered herself to be happy. But now a gulf yawned between her and that lapse of forgetfulness. She could not look back clearly; she could not remember or recall her former feelings. Gilbert Monckton's offer might then have awakened some answering sentiment in her own breast. Now his hand struck upon the shattered chords of a shattered instrument, and there was no music to respond harmoniously to the player's touch.

"Can you love me, Eleanor? Can you love me?" the lawyer asked, imploringly, taking the girl's hands in his own. "Your heart is free; yes, I know that, and that at least is something. Heaven forgive me if I try to bribe you. But my youth is passed, and I can scarcely expect to be loved for myself alone. Think how dreary and undefended your life must be if you refuse my love and protection. Think of that, Eleanor. Ah! if you knew what a woman is when thrown upon the world without the shelter of a husband's love, you would think seriously. I want you to be more than my wife, Eleanor. I want you to be the guardian and protectress of that poor, frivolous girl, whose future has been entrusted to my care. I want you to come and live at Tollidale, my darling, so as to be near that poor child at Hazlewood."

Near Hazlewood! The hot blood rushed into Eleanor's face at the sound of those two words, then faded suddenly away and left her deadly white, trembling and clinging to the back of her chair for support. To all else that Gilbert Monckton had said she had listened in a dull stupor. But now her intellect arose and grasped the full importance of the lawyer's application. In a moment she understood that the one chance which of all other things upon this earth she had most desired, and which of all other things had seemed furthest removed from her, was now within her reach.

She might go back to Hazlewood. She might return as Gilbert Monckton's wife. She did not stop to consider how much was involved in this.

It was her nature to be ruled by impulse, and impulse only; and she had yet to learn submission to a better guidance. She could go back to Hazlewood. She would have returned there as a kitchen-maid, had the opportunity of so doing offered itself to her; and she was ready to return as Gilbert Monckton's wife.

"My prayers have been heard," she thought. "My prayers have been heard: Providence will give me power to keep my promise. Providence will set me free to face with that man."

Eleanor Vane stood with her hands clasped upon the back of her chair, thinking of this, and looking straight before her, in utter unconsciousness of the earnest eyes that were fixed upon her face, while the lawyer waited breathlessly to hear her decision.

"Eleanor," he cried, entreatingly, "Eleanor, I have been deceived once; do not let me be a woman's dupe, now that there are streaks of gray amongst my hair. I love you, my dear. I can make you independent and secure; but I do not offer you a fortune or a position of sufficient magnitude or grandeur to tempt an ambitious woman. For God's sake do not trifle with me. You love me now, or can hope to love me in the future, be my wife. But if any image holds the smallest place in your heart—if there is one memory or one regret that can come between us, Eleanor, dismiss me from you unhesitatingly. It will be merciful to me—to you also, perhaps—to do so. I have seen a union in which there was love on one side, and indifference—or something worse than indifference—upon the other. Eleanor, think of all this, and then tell me frankly if you can after all be my wife."

Eleanor Vane dimly comprehended that there was a depth of passionate feeling beneath the quiet earnestness of the lawyer's manner. She tried to listen, she tried to comprehend, but she could not. The one idea which held possession of her mind kept that mind locked against every other impression. It was not his love, it was not his name or his fortune, that Gilbert Monckton offered her—he offered her the chance of returning to Hazlewood.

"You are very good," she said. "I will be your wife. I will go back to Hazlewood."

She held out her hand to him. No trace of womanly confusion or natural coquetry betrayed itself in her manner. Pale and absorbed she held out her hand, and offered up her future as a small and unconsidered matter when set against the one idea of her life—the promise to her dead father.

(To be continued.)

MINNIE RIFLE.

THE finest friend I ever knew,
And one with whom I dare not trifle,
Who in all danger sees me through,
Whose aim is ever good and true,
Is my sweet Minnie Rifle.

She gently rests upon my arm,
Is always ready, always willing;
And though, in general, somewhat calm,
Wakes up, upon the first alarm,
To show she can be killing.

And she is very fair to see,
The most fastidious fancy suiting;
Her locks are bright as they can be,
And that her sight is good to me
Is just as sure as shooting.

Though used to many a fiery spark,
She's never careless in her pleasure;
She always aims to hit the mark,
And when her voice the Southerners hark
They find she's no Secesher.

The heaviest load seems not to weigh
Upon her more than 'twere a trifle;
She's highly polished; and I'd pray,
Were I bereft of friends this day,
"Oh, leave my Minnie Rifle!"

THE PARIS ABATTOIRS AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF PAIN.

LORD BACON says that to die is as natural as to be born, and Buffon affirms that in a natural state the exit of life is attended with no more pain than the entrance to—but who remembers the pains of birth? Indeed, many writers contend that there are no such things as birth and death, these terms being wrongly applied to facts, which are mere transitions or metamorphoses, as are constantly seen in insect life, such as the grub to the butterfly, etc. And looking at the wonderful transformation in the vegetable and insect worlds, saying nothing of the most miraculous change of an egg into a chicken, the resurrection of the body and the immortality of the soul become possibilities shadowed forth by nature in a thousand analogies. Rochefoucauld says that the activity of nature is such that he cannot conceive anything which has once had life ever ceasing to be a vitality. Our present intention is, however, not to discuss the question of life, but that particular phase of it known as the entrance into death, or the sliding out of one state of being into another.

The natural instinct of every one is to shrink from the casting off of one existence to take on another. The process is universally felt to be one of suffering, and the bravest of men, while they dare the pangs of dissolution and triumph over it, invariably connect it with agony, discolored and convulsed face, writhings and travail of the soul. The physical pains of leaving the body have, therefore, in all ages, interested humane men as to the easiest methods of executing criminals, while the cruel have been equally ingenious in adding artificial tortures to the natural pangs of death. Some have maintained that the most instantaneous method must be the most merciful, and have recommended the guillotine, since the head is severed from the body in a flash of time. But no one knows whether the combination of heat and brain constitutes consciousness, or whether that on which suffering is based dwells in the brain alone. Some have solemnly declared that they have seen the face as the head fell

into the basket give visible expressions of agony, but whether that was the result of unfeeling muscular contractions or the results of conscious pain can never be known. The following observations on this morbidly interesting subject, we copy from the Paris correspondent of the London Times for the 9th May:

The Conservator of the Paris abattoirs being of opinion that the mode of slaughtering oxen by knocking them on the head with a heavy metal instrument must cause the animal excessive pain, endeavored to discover another mode to avoid this suffering and at the same time to preserve the slaughtermen from the danger to which they are exposed in the performance of this disagreeable duty. He thought that enervation would accomplish his object, and his opinion was founded on the doctrine taught by physiologists, who assert that the separation of the spinal marrow at once destroys animal life.

Experiments were tried on more than 100 oxen, and it was demonstrated that although the ox was more quickly put to death, his sufferings were not less excruciating, inasmuch as his entire vitality was served, and that death did not ensue until an agony of 16 or 18 minutes.

These experiments were conducted on calves and sheep, and in place of separating the spinal marrow, the degree of vitality which would still remain in each of the separated parts. A calf was suspended, and a butcher's boy cut its head off with a knife. This operation was accomplished in a quarter of a minute. The head was immediately placed on a table, and it lost two ounces and a half of blood in the space of six minutes. During the first minute all the muscles of the face and neck were agitated with rapid convulsions, and during the two following minutes the convulsions assumed another character. The tongue was stretched out of the mouth, which opened and closed alternately; the nostrils opened as if the animal experienced a difficulty of breathing. The convulsions became more active when the tongue or nostrils were pricked with a needle. When the hand was applied to the mouth or nostrils respiration was felt to be continued by the air entering and coming out. When a finger was brought to within an inch of the eye, in the direction of the pupil, the eye was quickly closed, as if it wished to avoid the touch of the finger, and the same result followed at several intervals. At length the eye did not close until the eyelid was touched. It was remarked that the eye remained closed as long as the finger remained in contact with it.

These phenomena became gradually weaker, and ceased entirely after four minutes; even then, when the spinal marrow was pricked with a needle, the convulsions recommenced in the entire face, tongue and eyes. After the sixth minute all contraction ceased. While these experiments were being performed, the body, which remained suspended, was greatly agitated. The agitation ceased gradually, and was replaced by febrile contractions, which continued more than an hour. But this was always observed in whatever manner the throat was cut: 40 calves and 50 sheep were decapitated, and they all presented the same phenomena.

The Director of the Paris abattoirs convinced himself by three experiments that an ox suffered more by being decapitated than by being struck down with a heavy bar of iron; and that the bar, by producing immediate stupefaction, prevents the animal from suffering, while the bleeding, immediately effected, deprives him of life before the head recovers sensation.

CHANGES IN VEGETATION.

THERE is an essay by a Danish botanist, Frederic Schour, upon the plants of Pompeii, which has recently been translated both into German and English, and which contains, apparently, some valuable reflections. The substance of it is well brought to gether in the last number of *Blackwood*.

We seem naturally to expect that the same class of trees and plants will grow for ages after age on the same spot. But an inspection of the pictures preserved in Pompeii, no less than an examination of Virgil and other classics of that day, shows not only that what we call "the everlasting hills" have risen and sunk, lakes have formed, the shore risen and fallen, cities overwhelmed and uncovered, but the very character of the plants and trees has been greatly changed in Italy within the last 1800 years.

Then the trees and plants of Italy had a far more northern aspect than now it would seem. The early settlers on these shores found a forest region of common deciduous trees, now driven back to a scantily clothed Apennines. The beech forest, says Schour, is called the symbol of Danish character. It used to flourish in Italy. Some of the trees of which Virgil celebrates the grandeur are now not only scarce, but it is difficult to ascertain their precise character. But the region which he celebrates was not the land emphatically of the cypress and the myrtle, but rather of the oak, ash, linden, wych-elm and beech. Trees very much like our own formed the forests of which he sang.

But in the course of these centuries, without any particular change in the climate, the evergreen species seem to have gradually been supplanting the deciduous, the foreign, the indigenous. Southern vegetation seems to have crept upwards, and the characteristic trees and shrubs and plants of Italy now have, therefore, a far more Southern appearance than they had when Virgil sang or Cicero declaimed.

In Greece, also, the linden, the yew, the beech, the alder, the cornel and the ash have almost entirely disappeared. Instead of these, another class of plants, thick-leaved, hard-leaved, down-covered bushes, mostly evergreen, have taken the place.

In Pompeii, we find in the frescoes, indeed, representations of the vine, the olive, the laurel, the fig, the fig. But the orange, lemon and citron, for which Italy is now so famous, were known to Pliny only as foreign plants. The citron was cultivated only in the third year after Christ, lemons came with the Saracens, and oranges were brought by the Portuguese from the East, while the apple and the Indian fig came from America. The white or silkworm mulberry was unknown to the Pompeians, and only commenced to be cultivated in the sixteenth century. Silks were imported by the Romans from the East. Barley used to be cultivated in Italy for the common people, but rice and Indian corn were never thought of; now they are staples. Cotton, now extensively grown at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, is of modern introduction.

The same change which has been going on there has apparently been going on everywhere as civilized man has developed. At first, by great care and pains, southern plants have, by protection, been reared; then they have become hardy, then indigenous, and thus the fruits and flowers and trees of the south are everywhere creeping up northward.

"DOCTOR, YOUR NAME!"—The following incident was related by Dr. Greene, in an address to the graduating class of the Berkshire Medical College: Let me relate one incident that occurred while I was upon the Peninsula during the bloody campaign of last summer. During the battle of Williamsburg, on the edge of the forest skirting the battlefield, a soldier was struck by a bit of shell which severed the brachial artery. Faint from the profuse hemorrhage, he fell just as a surgeon was riding rapidly past toward the front, to get orders for establishing a hospital at a certain point. The poor fellow had just strength to raise his bleeding arm and say, "Doctor, please!"

The doctor dismounted, and rapidly ligated the vessel, applied a compress and bandage, and administered a cordial.

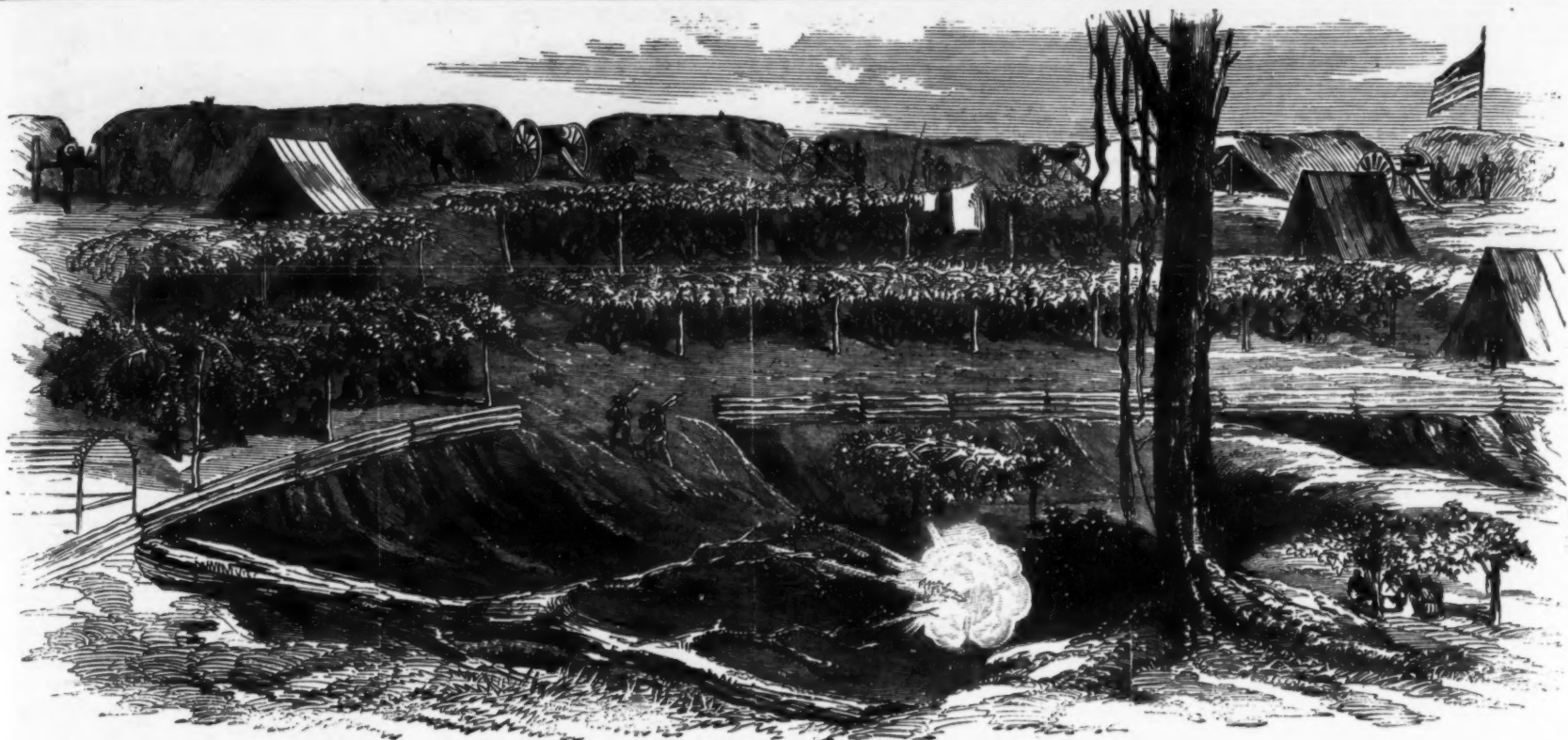
As he turned to go away the man asked, "Doctor, what is your name?"

"No matter," said the surgeon, and leaping on his horse, dashed away.

"Ah! but, doctor," said the wounded man, "I want to tell my wife and children who saved me!"



THE REBEL INVASION OF MARYLAND AND PENNSYLVANIA—THE REBEL CAVALRY CROSSING THE POTOMAC, JUNE 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



WATERHOUSE'S BATTERY, SHERMAN'S CORPS, BEFORE VICKSBURG.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.

GRANT'S ARMY
Before Vicksburg.

Our Special Artist gives some fine sketches of affairs at Vicksburg. Our double page represents the late battle as viewed from Wood's Chicago Battery. Our men are rushing through the ravine in front and up the rebel earthworks, which show in their wide ovals the effect of the Union artillery, but which still defy all our efforts. Through the smoke of battle are seen glimpses of the Mississippi and of the city of Vicksburg, the object of the useless slaughter.

On page 237 will be found an interior view of Waterhouse's battery in Tuttle's division, showing the guns in position and the huts in which the men are crowded. These are built of canes tied together and covered with branches, the soldiers resorting to the style of dwellings of the Indians who dwell there two centuries ago.



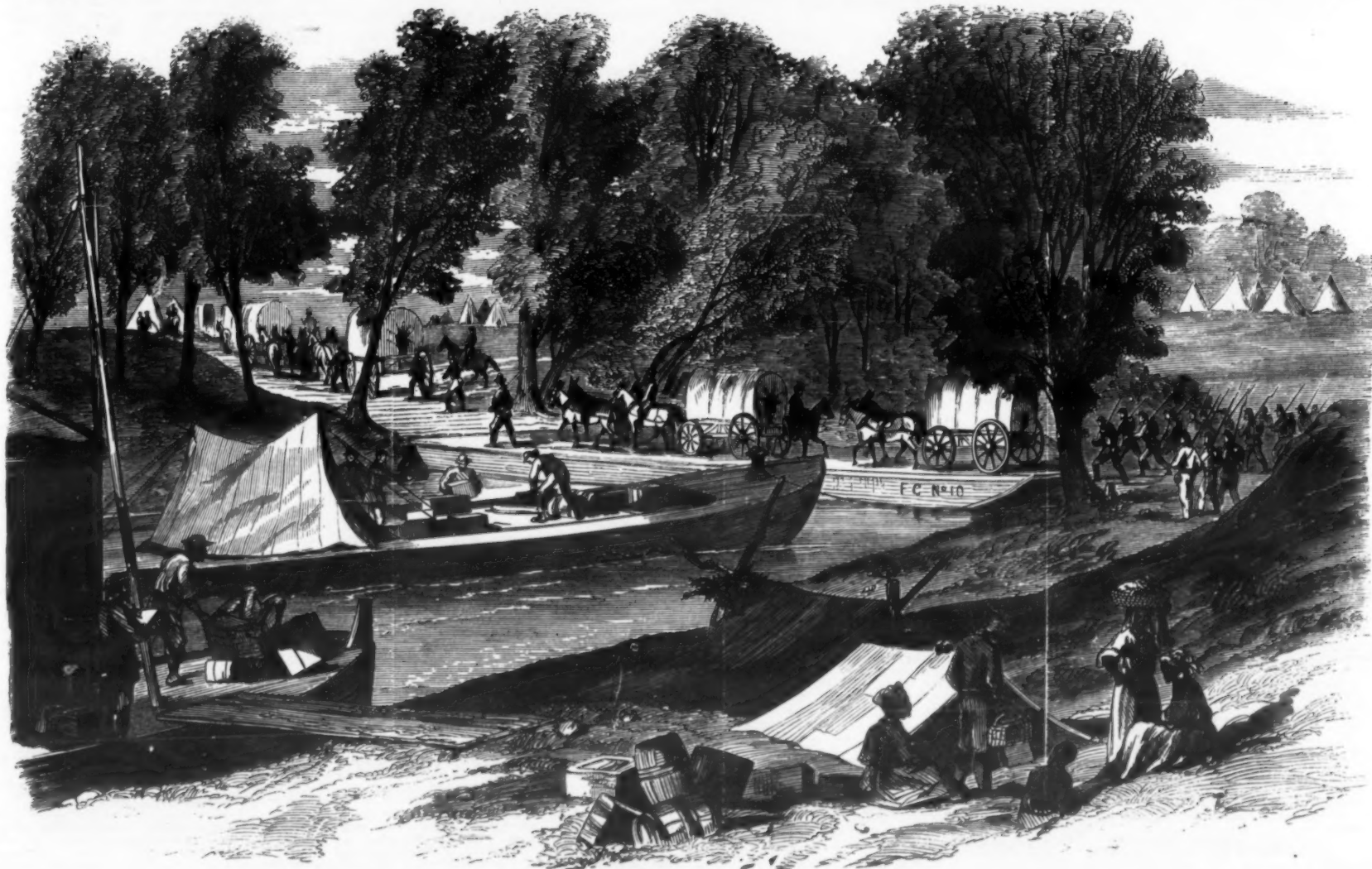
HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR-GENERAL Q. A. GILMORE, ARMY OF SOUTH CAROLINA, HILTON HEAD.

An other illustration brings before the reader the all important base of supplies at Chickasaw Bayou on the Yazoo River, with the trains and artillery moving off in endless line over the bridge as they land from the transports.

A FRENCH HUSBAND.

A CINCINNATI paper tells a pretty good story of a Frenchman and his jealous spouse at one of the hotels of that city. The lady indulged herself continually, as soon as closeted with her mispronouncing husband, in hysterical upbraidings for his imaginary delinquencies in ogling the ladies at table, and at last things grew so bad that the following denouement transpired. The lady led off, as usual, with much emphasis.

Monsieur, however, had reached the culminating point of human endurance, and he retort



CHICKASAW BAYOU ON THE YAZOO RIVER—BASE OF SUPPLIES FOR GENERAL GRANT'S ARMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHILL.

ed in a vehement roudade of broken English, interlarded with French expletives, until the fair one seized his case of razors in an apparently desperate determination to commit suicide.

Seizing her arm with one hand, he pulled the bell-rope violently with the other, a summons which was speedily answered, for the waiters, whose organs of inquisitiveness are usually well developed, had been religiously listening outside of the door to what was going on within. As soon, however, as one entered the chamber, our gallant Frenchman relinquished his hold of the lady's arm.

"Ah, ah, madame," hissed he between his teeth, "you shall cut your throat, eh? tres bien, ver good, now you cut your throat so quick as you like. Mais, I has von leetle witness as you cut him yourself. Ah, ah, ma chere, sucre, if you want cut your throat cut him right way."

The best Summer Reading is to be found in Mr. MERRYMAN'S MONTHLY. Sixty Illustrations and 32 pages of Stories, etc., etc. Price 10 cents.

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The special correspondent of the New York Times says: "Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."



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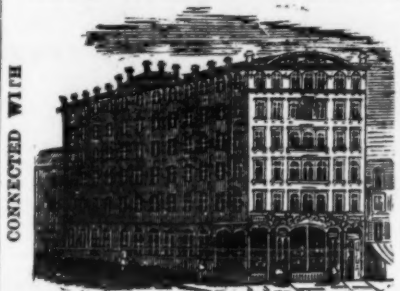
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New Haven, June 1, 1863.

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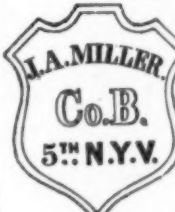
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